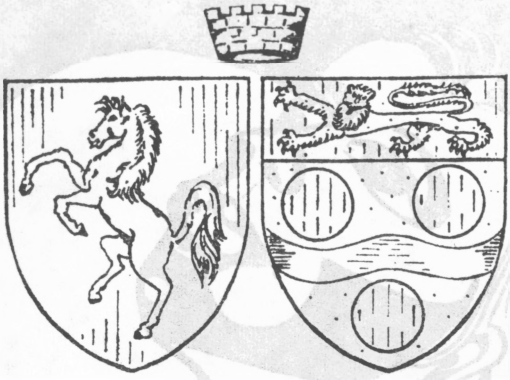


THE MAIDSTONE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

(FORMERLY THE TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL)

SUMMER, 1975

EDITORIAL

This has been a quiet year with fewer innovations. Instead we have consolidated the changes made last year, and concentrated on assimilating our new intake. However, all the Thirds now do French and German and there is a Sixth Form Spanish group.

We have been very much in the public eye since a number of our girls have distinguished themselves by winning national prizes in essay-writing and art work. Our netball team played in the finals of the National Schools' Netball Tournament at Nottingham. Others have contributed by taking part in a splendid school play and an excellent performance of Mendelssohn's Elijah.

Now that the minibus has been bought, we are again looking outwards and form efforts have been revived with new enthusiasm. A group of Fifth Formers, including Helen Jones and Susan Bennetts, raised over £20 for charity by putting on a concert of popular music.

It was with disappointment that we heard that the Kent Cruise planned for July '75 had been cancelled. However this has been replaced by both a trip to Austria this July in conjunction with Maidstone School for Boys, and a cruise next spring to the Eastern Mediterranean.

As a result of local government organisation, we now have a new board of governors. For the first time this includes staff and parent members and we should like to congratulate Mrs. Savell, Mrs. Palmer, Mr. Dingley and Mr. de Gray on their new responsibilities.

C. Allison

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

6_1 English made the original selection of articles. Mrs. Howard supervised the typing by Sixth Formers and Miss Douglas co-ordinated the art work. Thank you to them and all the girls who submitted articles.

C. Allison

by Jacqueline Clark, 6₁

STAFF NEWS

There have been fewer changes this year but we are particularly grateful to a number of part-timers who have come to help us out.

Last summer Miss Robson left us to take up an exciting teaching post in Jerusalem. We remember with gratitude all the work she did in the library, which is now the responsibility of Mrs. Gay who replaces her in the English Department and whom we should also like to congratulate on her marriage this Easter. Mrs. Saward also left the English Department last summer after sterling service as a part-timer and we sadly parted with Mrs. Blanden this Whitsun. Mrs. Godfrey arrived last September from Senacre to teach English and take over Junior Drama.

The Biology Department has been grateful for the part-time services of Mr. West, Dr. Perini and Mrs. Keskin. Miss Gordon has been invaluable in emerging from her retirement whenever needed. Mr. Dawkins arrived in September to teach Biology and Maths. The Maths Department has also been able to rely on the return of Mrs. Hooker to help out.

Mrs. Bailey has returned refreshed from her secondment to the North East London Polytechnic and we should like to thank the Rev. D. Byrne for taking her examination work while she was away.

Mr. Hands, who was staff Inspector for Modern Languages for the County, has joined the Language Department. Mrs. Wilding gave up full-time teaching last September to await the birth of her baby, a girl born in December.

Miss White married in May, 1974, and rejoined us as Mrs. Hutchings. Miss Douglas became Mrs. Cook this Whitsun. Those older girls who remember Mrs. Ely will be glad to hear that she had her third baby recently. Congratulations to all.

Finally we should like to thank Monique Narvor from Nantes and Oscar Bauer from near Salzburg who gave generous service as our assistants this year.

C. Allison

Mrs. Phyllis MacCallum

This year the school suffered a great loss in the tragic untimely death of Mrs. MacCallum. She will be long remembered as an honoured and versatile teacher and colleague, whose charm and kindly sympathy and generosity were valued by every girl and every member of staff.

Mrs. MacCallum was trained at University College, Southampton, and after serving for several schools in Kent, joined our staff in 1958 to teach Mathematics and Science. She was a most effective teacher of Mathematics and skilled in helping both the most able and the weakest students to make progress in Mathematics.

Although Mrs. MacCallum spent the major part of her time teaching Mathematics she was in fact trained as a Biologist and she established and built up the important courses in Human Biology from which many prospective nurses have gained great benefit while in the Sixth Form.

But perhaps Mrs. MacCallum's greatest contribution was in pastoral care for girls, particularly as a Sixth Form Tutor and in many practical ways in connection with the charitable activities of the School. She gave unstintingly of her time and energy in arranging the flowers for Rose Day and gifts for Harvest Festival, and the subsequent distribution to Hospitals and Old Folks' Homes. She organised the School "Pocket Money" system for many years, and also planned and organised most efficiently the messenger service during public examinations.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to her husband Hugh, and to her family, Malcolm and Margaret.

D. Yuille

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1974

G.C.E.

The following girls reached Advanced Level in the General Certificate of Education.

L. Affleck, Economic History, Sociology.
J. Attree, English Geography, Economic History.
B. Batt, Pure Mathematiics.
J. Bennett, English.
B. Bowyer, Geography, Biology, Art.
C. Brown, English.
M. Bursey, English.
L. Burton, English, Religious Studies.
M. Byford, Art.
B. Cadle, English, Economic History, Sociology.
K. Carroll, English, Economic History.
A. Chapman, English, Economics.
C. Chapman, Economics.
B. Clark, English, Art.
H. Couchman, English, Geography.
E. Coulling, English, Geography.
J. Dangerfield, Geography, Music.
K. Dunn, English, Geography.
A. Elms, Economics.
M. Garrett, Biology.
L. Glazebrook, Geography.
J. Gosby, English, Music.
P. Hart-Davis, English, Art.
D. Hennessey, Art.
C. Heselwood, English, Geography.
J. Horten, Economics.
P. Horten, English.
J. Howard, English, Sociology.
N. Jarrett, English.
S. Jones, English.
S. Kingsbury, English.
J. Knight, Geography, Pure Mathematics.
H. Morten, Economic History, Economics, Constitutional Law.
Y. Neville, English, French.
J. Pinfold, Pure Mathematics, Biology.
S. Purnell, Economic History, Sociology.
P. Rainey, Pure Mathematics, Needlework.
G. Rocke, English, Geography.
T. Sabine, Geography, Biology.
A. Sales, Art.
D. Sellars, English, Sociology, Constitutional Law.
J. Steinke, Geography, Economics.
A. Stewart, French.
C. Storey, Pure Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
P. Tolhurst, English, Economic History, Music.
J. Tomlin, English, French, Sociology.
H. Townsend, English, Political History, French.
P. Willis, English, Sociology.
C. Wood, Pure Mathematics, Statistics, Computer Science, Physics.
S. Philpot, Art.

Fifth Forms

The following girls passed at four or more subjects at Ordinary Level.

J. Abraham, C. Adams, D. Allen, J. Ashby, C. Atkinson, S. Booker, P. Booth, J. Brooker, Joan Brotherwood, A. Carver, J. Coates, S. Cooper, K. Coup, J. Crouch, G. Croucher, S. Daniels, E. Davis, S. Dimmock, S. Dougal, C. Edwards, J. Everett, C. Forward, C. Gillem, S. Harley, D. Harris, A. Harrison, A. Hayes, J. Head, C. Hewitt, D. Hogson, S. Hughes, T. Hughes, J. Humphrey, H. Ibberson, S. Jarvis, J. Johnston, R. Jones, V. Judge, V. Kent, L. Laming, K. Matthews, J. Meakin, J. Norris, D. Packham, M. Pieris, S. Prentice, S. Pryor, C. Randall, D. Rawlings, K. Reeves, H. Richardson, K. Robinson, J. Scott, P. Sedge, D. Smee, Coralie Smith, C. Soares, C. Stevens, T. Strauts, S. Taylor, J. Thatcher, S. Tolhurst, S. Topley, D. Hrowell, J. Turnill, J. Wallis, S. Walter, J. Webb, J. Wright, R. Woods.

Sandra Booker, Alison Carver, Christine Edwards, Jane Everett, Bridget Jones and Pauline Sedge passed all eight "O" Levels and deserve special congratulations.

CARETAKING

Our head caretaker, Mr. Pigott, retired at Christmas. He had been with us since 1964 and his daughter, Yvonne, is an old girl of the school and has remained in close contact with us. Mr. Piggott's arrival coincided with the opening of the then new building at Park. For the next two years he coped with the unfinished building, problems of furniture storage and the constant presence of workmen. Continually hampered by the shortage of cleaners and recently by poor health, he maintained a high standard of quiet efficiency, and those departments making regular use of the hall, often for evening and weekend functions, were able to rely upon his co-operation and support. We should like to thank him for his kind farewell letter and wish him a long and happy retirement.

Our new caretaker, Mr. Drennan, has wide experience in industry including a term as an engineer in the Merchant Navy. We hope he will be happy with us.

Finally we should like to thank Mr. Bennett for smoothly effecting the change-over.

C. Allison

R.S.A. EXAMINATION

Autumn, 1973 —

STAGE I

Name	Typing	Shorthand 50/60
Allbut, Rosemary A.	Credit	
Barrett, Nicola	Pass	
Bennett, Jacqueline		50
Bedford, Ann		
Boorman, Wendy A.	Pass	
Bowman, Lynne J.	Pass	
Byford, Margaret		
Bursey, Mary		
Cadle, Bronwyn	Pass	
Carter, Sally P.		
Chapman, Anita		
Chapman, Carol A.		
Cheeseman, Janet S.		
Clinch, Elizabeth M.		
Coulson, Margaret		
Dawson, Paula M.		
Garrett, Mary	Credit	
Green, Holly		
Harmer, Caroline	Pass	
Hawkes, Julia A.	Credit	
Hill, Margaret C.	Pass	
Hills, Karen D.	Pass	
Hope, Lynne B.		
Howard Jennifer E.		
Ingram, Susan A.	Pass	
Jenner, Hazel	Credit	
Kinsbury, Susan J.		
Knight, Judith		
Koch, Jacqueline		
McHattie, Shelia		
Message, Sandra		50
Newman, Caroline		
Oldfield, Janet	Pass	
Peen, Barbara		
Pinfold, Jill	Credit	
Prendergast, Toni		
Quested, Marion		
Rainey, Patricia	Pass	
Richmond, Tina		
Rolfe, Ruth J.		
Sales, Andrea		
Spain, Lesley		
Stewart, Ann	Pass	
Ward, Tonita	Pass	
Waters, Elizabeth	Credit	
Wilmshurst, Jayne		

WORD ASSOCIATION

Money, rich, poor, hurt,
Bleed, cut, red, skirt,
Shirt, blue, school, work,
Factory, grime, summy, dirt,
Mud, brown, dark, night,
Day, sun rays, light,
Flame, Slade, group, song,
Tune, rhyme, poem, long,
Short, quick, journey, far,
Miles, petrol, road, tar,
Black, cat, dog, friend,
Tree, paper, comic, spend,
Money, rich, poor, hurt,
Bleed, cut, red, skirt.

Suzanne Price, 3z

RESULTS

Summer, 1974

	STAGE II			STAGE III
Typing	Shorthand 80/100	Audio-Typing	Shorthand Typing	Typing
		Pass		Pass
				Distinc.
Distinc.				
				Pass
Pass	80	Pass		
Pass				
	100	Pass	Distinc.	Pass
Pass				
Pass		Pass		Pass
Pass				
Distinc.				
Pass				
Pass				
	80		Pass	Pass
Distinc.				
				Pass
Distinc.				
Distinc.				
	100	Pass	Distinc.	Pass
			Pass	
Pass	80	Pass	Pass	
Pass				
Distinc.				
Distinc.				
Pass	80	Pass		
	80	Pass		Pass
Pass	80			
Distinc.				
	80			Pass

WORD ASSOCIATION

Planet	apes	banana	skin
Trip	London	Palladium	sing
Donny	Osmond	brothers	sisters
Parents	children	grannies	spinsters
Talk	shout	argue	view
Nice	quiet	peaceful	cue
Gardens	flowers	smell	sweet
Sugar	candy	chewing	round
Planet	apes	banana	skin

Christina Muchlinski, 3z

SCHOOL LEAVERS, 1974

Sixth Form

According to our latest information the following girls have gone to further education : J. Attree, K. Carroll, B. Clark, P. Hart-Davies, P. Rainey, C. Storey, J. Tomlin, C. Wood, B. Batt, B. Bowyer, J. Dangerfield, A. Elms, L. Glazebrook, E. Hammond, D. Hennessey, S. Jones, J. Knight, Y. Nevill, J. Pinfold, G. Rock, J. Rose, T. Sabine, A. Sales, J. Steinke, A. Stewert, P. Tolhurst, K. Dunn, P. Horton, P. Willis.

D. Brown, L. Bowman, S. Foster, J. Gill, K. Hills, M. Howard, S. Pert, and D. Sellars have entered nursing and allied professions.

M. Bursey, J. Howard and S. McHattie have entered the civil service and the following are doing clerical or secretarial work : J. Bennett, L. Burton, S. Carter, A. Chapman, C. Chapman, M. Coulson, H. Green, S. Message, H. Morten, C. Newman, L. Packard, T. Richmond, C. Rolfe, T. Ward, J. Wilmshurst, M. M. Hughes-Jones, P. Roberts.

E. Coulling and N. Jarrett are working in banks and H. Townsend in a library. L. Affleck and E. Clinch intend joining the police force. C. Brown is following a course in Hotel Management. M. Byford and S. Philpott are training as draughtswomen. M. Garrett is doing laboratory work and S. Purnell social work. B. Cadle has taken up journalism.

Fifth Form

The following girls have gone on to further education : J. Ashby, J. Baker, Jane Brotherwood, P. Clinch, A. Harrison, P. Higham, J. Hoadley, J. Meakin, J. Tyrrell, S. Walker, S. Cooper, L. Laming, J. Webb.

D. Braddon, J. Eastwood, A. Hayes, J. Mitchell, J. Norris, C. Randall, C. Roberts, P. Sedge, S. Tolhurst, K. Wright and R. Woods are working in banks.

Clerical and secretarial work is being undertaken by D. Allen, Joan Brotherwood, R. Elves, C. Eyers, J. Newick, S. Orphanides, D. Rawlings, H. Richardson, F. Roscow, L. Spiller, and A. Francis.

T. Hughes, S. Topley, J. Abraham, and S. Dimmock are nursing while G. Eiffert is a dental nurse.

A. Mitchell and C. Pryer are working for the G.P.O. D. Easterbrook is a trainee cook, and L. Fox a trainee beauty consultant. S. Collins is hairdressing and J. Humphrey is working with computers. K. Robinson has joined the W.R.A.F.

C. Allison

SCHOOL COUNCIL

1974 - 1975

Chairman	Penny Sharratt
Vice-Chairman	Claire Masters
Secretary	Susan Bennets
Assistant Secretary	Susan Rickard
Treasurer	Susan Ballard

The School Council officers act as a link between members of the school, Mrs. Blackburn and the staff.

At the meetings, supposedly attended by two representatives from each form, new ideas and also complaints are brought forward. These contributions are recorded by the Secretary or Assistant Secretary and later filed and distributed throughout the school.

Where possible the Chairman and Vice-Chairman, when taking the meetings, answer matters brought forward. However, more difficult and complex subjects are discussed and dealt with by Mrs. Blackburn and members of staff concerned.

The end of term is the most important time for the Treasurer as she, with the help of Mrs. Waters, buys presents for members of staff who are leaving or getting married. She is also concerned with the finance of the school as a whole.

This is briefly some of the work which the School Council officers undertake in their year of office.

We have enjoyed our year in office and have found it a most beneficial experience.

We would like to take this opportunity to wish the new officers every success in their new positions throughout their coming year of office.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

1975 - 1976

Chairman	Francis Alderson
Vice-Chairman	Hazel Furlonger
Secretary	Jennifer Gosby
Assistant Secretary	Kim Oriel
Treasurer	Penny Mason
Assistant Treasurer	Kim Crampton

Penny Sharratt, 5z
Claire Masters, 5a

CHRISTIAN UNION

This year the group has had varying success. In the summer term we held a successful "coffee and comics" session in addition to our normal varied programme.

In the autumn term a group of young people from Hildenborough Hall came to share their thoughts with us about the Christian Faith. The group was deeply challenged by the film "The Final Hour" which expressed the feelings of people from many walks of life that the Earth is rushing towards its final destruction.

Last term after an unsatisfactory start we altered the form of the meetings to concentrate on Bible study in a more informal atmosphere after school.

This term we hope to learn more about the world's problems and the Christian's answer and responsibility to them, by working through the implications of a soundstrip called "Internationals".

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Robson last July when she left to teach in the Anglican School in Jerusalem and we were pleased to welcome Mrs. Godfrey in September.

M. A. Evans

THE SOURCE OF ENERGY

Last Sunday after my sister and I had run to the newsagents to buy the Sunday paper, we calmly walked round the corner to church. It was a sunny morning and the church bells rang out to call the local people. The time was nearly ten thirty when, after receiving our hymn books, we sat in pew number eighteen. I like pew number eighteen as we live at number eighteen just around the corner.

We spent half an hour in the church before going to Pathfinders, a type of Sunday school for eleven to fourteen year-olds. Here I joined my friend Kay and we sat down ready to sing and listen to Ray who always says something to make us think.

Today he encouraged us to go to school and talk about God to our non-Christian friends. He warned us that this would be difficult as someone would probably ask us a question which we would not be able to answer, then we would look foolish.

"However," Ray continued, "each time this happens you must go back to the Bible for more information. It's like getting hungry, working up an appetite, and then going back to the table for more food. This is where I get my energy from, the Bible."

We closed Pathfinders with a prayer and went to meet our parents from church at the coffee bar just outside. I found my parents with Malcolm, a man who did a lot for the church. We were new in the parish so Malcolm was pointing out various church workers.

"That's Ray over there," he said, nodding his head in Ray's direction. "He has a large family but still manages to do a lot for the church. I don't know where he gets his energy from."

"Well," I thought, "maybe you don't, but I do."

Sally Kay, 3 alpha

FINGERS TO THE PEEL!

Last year I took part in a sponsored potato-peeling marathon to raise money towards a mini-bus for Linton Hospital. The potato-peel took place in the hall of the Maidstone United Reformed Church, and lasted twenty-four hours, starting at 8 p.m. on Friday, 18th October, and ending at 8 p.m. the following day. About twenty-four people took part and we worked in three shifts of two hours' peeling, four hours' well-needed rest. Most of us were from the Church Youth Club, but a few of our brave friends also helped. We all arrived laden with potato-peelers, buckets, rubber gloves, hand cream, plasters — best to be on the safe side — sleeping bags and blankets, to be confronted with a ton of the dirtiest potatoes we had ever seen; and wondering what we had let ourselves in for.

We were divided into three equal groups, and at eight o'clock Shift One, which I was in, began the great task. Lots of people kindly came down at the start to cheer us on, but every minute the water in our buckets seemed to get colder and dirtier, and we longed to put our hands into some warm, clean water. The potatoes were supplied by the local hospitals and as we peeled them we put them into a big container of salted water. At the end of each shift the potatoes were taken out of the water and weighed. The weight was recorded and then the potatoes were put, two pounds at a time, into polythene bags of salted water ready to be sent back to the hospitals.

During our rest-time in the night we tried to get some sleep but the Church room we were supposed to sleep in was so cold that we spent most of our time chatting, making cups of tea or coffee, and helping the people of the other shifts by clearing away the peelings, which were sold to use as chicken food, wiping the floor, and changing the water. During the morning while we were peeling, some Saturday shoppers came to see how we were getting on, then after dinner, which like our breakfast we had in the hall, we took our potato-peeling equipment outside and sat on the church steps and peeled. As we peeled we sang songs, and many kind Saturday shoppers put money in the bucket we had put out.

We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and, after each being sponsored for so much money per 10lbs. peeled, plus the money we collected in the bucket, and various other contributions, we raised £159. We were all very pleased and the residents of Linton Hospital were very grateful when we presented them with a cheque for the £159. I do not think I will ever forget that marathon, and nor will my hands!

Sandra Webster, 5z

HAVE YOU A PROBLEM?

An innovation this year has been the appointment of Mrs. Bailey as School Counsellor. Any girl may make an appointment out of lesson time to discuss anything that is worrying her. Problems may include the physical — a girl may feel that she is too fat or too short; the academic — difficulties with homework or with learning; relationships — with parents, boy and girl friends, or even financial. Easy solutions are not provided but a listening ear and confidentiality are.

Sometimes a problem is halved by being shared with others girls. A group of fourth years meet each week at Thursday lunchtime. Not only do they learn from each other more effective ways of coping with their difficulties but they learn techniques that may well enable them to help others in the future.

P. Bailey

THE FETE

Last year it rained for the first time for many years on the day of the fête. So we had it indoors. It was opened by the disc jockey Jimmy Mac and the stalls were arranged according to colour themes. We raised over two hundred pounds.

THE N.S.P.C.C. PARTY

This took place at Albion Place in the summer term. The Thirds in particular were exceptionally generous in bringing presents and Christine Arnold, Sally Button, Patricia Hall, Diane Collins and Sheree de Gray were indefatigable organisers. Mrs. Matthews provided a sumptuous tea and Mr. Batten kindly transported the children to and fro in the minibus.

C. Allison

THE C.E.M. CONFERENCE

This was held at the Maidstone School for Boys and the topic was Christianity, Religion and Mysticism. There were three speakers: Father Herbert Slade, who demonstrated Eastern techniques which aid mental health, Swami Mogeshananda who spoke of the Hindu religion and Mrs. S. A. Francis who practises yoga. It was very interesting and thought-provoking day.

C. Arnold
Sally Button, 6_2

M.S.C.S.C.C.

The Maidstone Schools' Community Service Co-ordinating Committee is a body which meets usually once a term at the Teachers' Centre. Ideas are discussed at the meetings by the teacher and student representatives from most of the schools in Maidstone. As its name suggests the main object is to co-ordinate the community service activities of the schools and to suggest new ones. It also gives closer contact with official voluntary services, whose representatives also attend the meetings.

Alison Carver is our representative and she holds regular school meetings at Park for form representatives.

A number of Third and Fourth years are visiting particularly Leybourne Grange, and Linton Hospital to talk to patients and help staff.

The Fifth Form made a splendid contribution to such work recently when Helen Jones, Susan Bennetts, Rachel Hewson, Sharon Jordan (6_1) and Susan Charman put on an evening entertainment with the help of Mr. Batten, Miss Waterfield, and Mr. Dawkins. Allan Faulds, from the Boys' Grammar, did the lighting. The programme consisted of songs written by Helen and Susan and Beatle songs and humour provided by a Pongo Play. The sum of twenty-six pounds was raised.

Alison Carver, 6_1

"IMAGINE YOURSELF TAKING PART IN THE WHITBREAD ROUND THE WORLD RACE"

This is the essay with which Susan Charman won the Whitbread National Essay Writing Competition.

The Sail of the Century

The applause thundered in my ears echoing the booming of the ancient starting cannon, eight months ago. The magnificent room! the colourful people, the shining trophy itself reflected the true feelings that had been involved in the race. The glory of the moment brought back vivid memories; suddenly the people turned into a whole throng of tiny boats, crammed full of cheering crowds; the applause became the keen breeze that had ruffled our sweaters the day we had set sail from Portsmouth. I felt the surge of the waves beneath my feet and the exhilaration of the moment as our boat cut cleanly through the water, stiff, white sails standing out against the blue sky that merged into green sea on the horizon. We felt, then, that the world was ours for the taking.

Chris and I knew that we just had to take part the moment we heard about the Whitbread race around the world. It was a once in a lifetime adventure not to be missed. We had advertised our feelings, and now, here we were, with the destination Capetown, and a crew of six. There was Eric Clifford, an expert yachtsman and our unanimously-voted skipper, who kept us strictly on the move, but was very kind under his gruff exterior. Then Laurence Stevens, a most unlikely-looking sailor, who turned out to be a brilliant navigator; and David Johnson, a young man who had come on the voyage for much the same reason as Chris and I. Lastly there was Tim, an energetic Biology and Physical Education teacher, and a natural joker.

Our boat was a seventy-one foot ketch called "The March Hare", reflecting our reckless, adventuresome mood.

Previous to the race we had had two months of practising, the men making final adjustments and checks and Chris and I, being the female members, organising the food, clothing and bedding that was going to be needed on the twenty-seven-thousand-mile-long, seven-month voyage.

The first week at sea was an experience I shall never forget. Suddenly we knew what it was like to be alone, alone on a vast expanse of water. The sun was a big luminous disc in the blue sky and the sight of anything other than green sea was very rare. On the third day, however, we did run into a school of porpoises who leapt out of the water, lithe bodies glistening in the sun, and then plunged in again with a spray of white foam.

All the time we were conscious of racing. The radio was our last tiny link with life and that little voice that relayed the world news and race positions, injected us every day with a new determination to win. We made the straining sails harness every bit of wind in the effort to reach Cape Town. We docked, finally, in second place, just behind the Royal Naval yacht "Adventure". That night we celebrated our position at the presentation ceremony, eating and drinking with all the other competitors and making many firm friends.

On November the seventh, thoroughly rested and rejuvenated, "The March Hare" set sail for Sydney. The

Cape Town sun's warm rays played on our sail as if to say "Goodbye", because they knew we were sailing straight for the "Roaring 40's". Just five days out the gale hit us. Suddenly the boat was plunging among towering waves and fierce winds were lashing the deck making safety harnesses essential.

Eric was an indefatigable helmsman; he stood at the wheel, a lonely figure swamped in a yellow sou' wester; and, according to the old tradition, he never looked at the huge waves building up behind. For four days we endured soaked beds; half-cooked meals that were often shot into our laps by the violent luchings of the boat; and no contact with the world through our damaged radio.

Finally the storm subsided, and after our first decent sleep for days, we received a weak, crackly message that two men had been sadly lost overboard in the heavy seas and many yachts were retiring from the race. It seemed that we had weathered the storm very well. Our hopes were boosted and every effort went into reaching Sydney. We were well rewarded by the cheers that acknowledged our win as we sailed into the harbour. Jubilantly we broke Champagne bottles on "The March Hare's" bows and celebrated in really good style for two days. Then we settled down to the serious work of getting the boat ready for what was going to be the most telling stretch of the race — the third leg from Sydney to Rio de Janeiro.

The first thing we encountered on this eight thousand, three hundred and seventy mile long journey were the bitterly cold southern seas. However warmly we wrapped up it seemed impossible to keep out the insidious cold of the "50's". We saw a few growlers one day, and by the next we were surrounded by five large icebergs, which Eric skilfully steered past; Chris and I were on "Motherwatch" for the whole journey, and in the freezing condition we all learnt tolerance and consideration for each other so that we became a much closer-knit community, which showed in our resultant teamwork.

One of the high lights of the voyage was to be the rounding of Cape Horn, but the experience was not such a pleasant one after all. The "Horn" was in one of its worse moods. The winds rose and whipped the sea into a foaming rage. The waves raced along at terrific speeds and, under bare poles, like a piece of driftwood, "The March Hare" was tossed around the Horn, without giving us the briefest glimpse of the Cape itself. We lost one of our spinnakers and an annoying leak re-opened itself, but undaunted, we pressed on, and finally limped into Rio de Janeiro in second place. We still held our significant lead over the others, however, and our spirits ran high with anticipation of the home-run. We reached Rio just in time for their annual festivals — gay, glittering, open air affairs that went on way into the night.

The repairs needing to be done were very slight, it turned out, and on March the tenth "The March Hare" left the port of Rio, heading for Portsmouth. "Adventure" was fast making up lost time, and we unfortunately experienced rigging problems that hampered our progress. So we made a last, all-out effort and channelled our energies into one aim — Portsmouth. The conditions were perfect and "The March Hare" simply glided through the water like a true Class One Yacht.

What a thrilling moment it was when "The March Hare" bounded into Portsmouth amidst champagne, cameras, congratulations, cheers, tears and laughter. We had won the race and now here we were in London, having sailed "The March Hare" majestically and triumphantly up the Thames to the Mansion House and the Prize-giving ceremony. The coveted cup was in our hands, culminating perfectly the experience of a lifetime.

Susan Charman, 5y

THE 3rd YEAR READING SURVEY, 1974

In the closing weeks of the school year, 1974, a survey was held to investigate the reading habits of the third years, and here are some of the facts and conclusions gained from this.

When considering their favourite types of books 3a and 3x voted heavily in favour of horror books and romantic novels. 3z put romantic novels top of their list but 3x and 3y both preferred ghost stories—though horror came a close second. Science fiction figured prominently in every class except 3y, but only 3y and 3z included animal stories. The least popular category, in general, was poetry, except in 3x where Westerns, school stories and war stories all tied for lowest place. Westerns were generally unpopular, not unexpectedly in a girls' school, but in 3z classics were equally disliked. Biographies were consistently very low, and non-fiction was little read, least of all in 3a and 3x.

The most-read book of the year was "Jane Eyre", closely followed by "Oliver Twist" and "Great Expectations". "Pattern of Islands" was much read in some classes but had obviously been used as a class reader. Other highly popular titles were: "King of the Barbareens", "Jungle Book", "Fifteen", "The Hobbit" and "The Cave", though not uniformly read throughout the year. 3z appeared to be the best-read class with three people having read over twenty of the fifty titles offered, and one stalwart having read thirty-nine! No one in 3z had read less than six: this was the best average of the year. In every other class three or four had read only five or less. In 3x a third of the class had read less than ten and only one could claim acquaintance with twenty.

From the list of authors provided, Charles Dickens and Agatha Christie shared the honours as to "other titles read". In the section where girls provided names of their own favourites, John Wyndham was widely read in 3x and 3a. Many of 3z mentioned C. S. Lewis and R. Allen. Other names which frequently appeared were Alistair McLean, Mary Stewart and David Wilkerson, though mainly within a class which indicated they had been lent within a form.

Surprisingly, with free class, school and civic libraries available, the most-used sources for leisure reading were borrowing from a friend and buying. 3y were the only form with a large number favouring the school library. The class library was well down most form lists, but in 3x it was second in popularity only to buying. In 3z it came third to borrowing from a friend and buying. The school and class libraries were least used by 3a for their leisure reading.

The vast majority of girls drew their reading from five or six sources and the few who confessed to one (yes one) source, or two, were, not surprisingly, acquainted with very few titles and authors in other sections.

L. Harris

SCHOOL MAGAZINE

What is the purpose of our school magazine ? Does it give us a chance to show the world our hidden talents and remarkable knowledge of almost everything ? Or is it just an excuse to use up the scraps of paper in the darkest drawer of the craft room ? I suppose that most of us read it for one thing; entertainment.

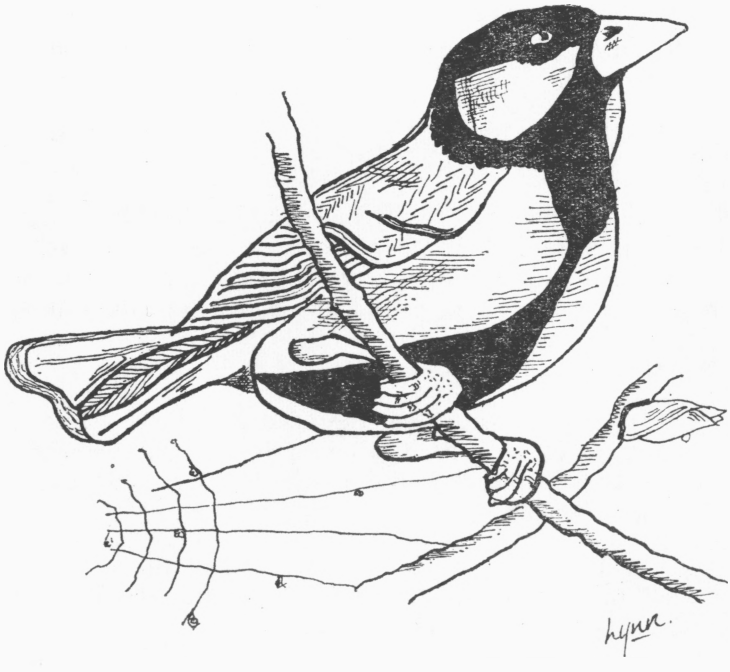
Do you look forward to writing something for the magazine ? If it is printed you can convince yourself of having achieved an honorary position. Your fame will spread like flu, throughout the school overnight. Just think of the autographs that you will be asked to give. Maybe the staff will support you, or are they conveniently placed in a position to criticize (or praise) the school magazine, or to see how well they have taught you, and if your item is printed they are able to boast and say, " I taught her that ", or the pupil might say, " Mrs. So and So taught me that ", and boast to her friends. In the magazine you are able to air your views without too much contradiction and besides it is something to read when you have read your pile of " Beano's " ten-times over, isn't it ?

Brigette Jell, 4a

MORNING

Through the dawn she floats,
Fluttering her wings.
Past transparent dew drop boats
To where the Nightingale sings.
Shaking off tinkling morning dust
One the sleeping ground,
Giving the day a freshened lust.
Without a sound
She skims across the misty lakes,
Pulling with invisible cords
The curtain that the day time makes.
And silver sunshine pours.
She annoints the cob-webs bare
With dew-drops from the
Silver sea of unwanted care,
And makes the glistening be.
Then when all her work is done,
She glides and twirls upon the breeze
Till darkness falls the day to slum
She falls to sleep among the trees.

Caroline Skinner, 4 alpha



Lynn Harris, 4z

A RIVER IN FLOOD

The river at first was calm and smooth as a polished stone. It flowed strong and bright over its rough bed of gravel and rocks. Its singing competed with the birds and the sun on its surface made it glint. The leaves, on the trees along the bank rustled in agreement with the beauty of the day. Dust could be seen, dancing in the beams of the sun.

The day ended as quietly as it had begun and with equal beauty. The sky became tinged with pink and red like the blush of a young girl, and the dark silhouettes of birds could be seen winging their way home. The owl hooted his warning to all small creatures and a mouse paused in fear, then scampered to safety in a tree.

Early the next morning the south-westerly wind blustered its way across the land. A driving, grey rain almost hid the outline of the small bridge while the trees were dark blurs along the bank.

Little whirlpools flurried on the surface of the river, ceaselessly spinning round and round. Leaves and twigs from the banks were dragged into the river, whirling in their mad race then being engulfed into the vortex of whirlpools.

The water rose and became a turbid brown colour with chunks of earth peeling off the banks and dissolving into oblivion.

Overhanging branches were torn from their parent tree and swept into the mad waters.

The thundering roar reached a crescendo as it tumbled over itself in the eagerness to get to the weir. Things that had once been scurrying voles and water rats, now looking like lumps of sodden earth, were tossed high into the air and snatched back again by the claws of the far-reaching foam.

The rain slackened and the wind blustered with less force as the clouds parted to reveal a wan, sickly looking orb in the sky, whose feeble rays barely stretched to the tops of the dripping trees.

Life began to emerge in the shape of the cautious weasel and the wide-eyed rabbit. Life, after the furious onslaught of nature, began to return to normal.

Mandy Smee, 3x

LATE AFTERNOON IN THE COUNTRY

The long shady lanes slowly twist and curve,
By the ripe golden corn.
The glowing cup slips his golden fingers through the leaves,
As the rabbit hops by.

The butter-coloured King-cups grow in dank, damp ditches
The wood anemones with petals as white as snowflakes
And leaves as green as trees,
Sway gently in a breeze
As a rabbit hops by.

The cowslip, sowthistle and ploughman's spikenard
Whisper to each other.
The glowing yellow-orange sun
Slowly sinks down behind the sturdy hill
The tired flowers slowly curl their dainty petals,
As the tired rabbit hops by.

Frances Magee, 3a

THE HIKERS

Their feet kick up the dust
Of the track which winds
Like a line of spaghetti.
The purple heather buzzes
With the activity of unseen animals,
And sends a sweet smell
Spreading over the hills,
High in the air a lark
Sings to the sun,
Which gradually rises in the sky
Like a dial on a heat generator.
The bright colours of the flowers
Encourage the weary walkers
To stop and look.
A stream hurries down the slope,
Throwing itself over a waterfall
With a gay abandon of
A free life.

Esther Nairne, 4a

EFFORT

The sun is shining. I emerge from the crack in the wall. A vast expanse of grey gravel ground is before me, but I must get to the other wall to escape. As fast as my eight legs will carry me I start out on the journey. I pass huge boulders and enormous sweet wrappers larger than bed sheets. I feel hot from the blazing sun but continue on, trying to keep a steady pace.

To me this playground is like a desert, never ending, and I am the smallest thing for miles around, just a poor lonely traveller. I may go on for the rest of my days to reach my destination. A snug dry wall well away from the crowds of children, a wall they never noticed.

I pass a small bush. Its leaves are like gigantic ships and it is as big as an office block. A dew drop falls from a leaf towards me. I try to dodge but I am knocked flying by the tidal wave.

I awake. How long have I been here ? I feel weak but slowly recover and continue my journey. What's that ? Looming in the distance the wall appears. I'm almost there ! Suddenly a noise chills me. The shrill cry of the school bell. Oh no, out they come, their great feet making the ground shudder, their voices uttering terrifying cries and shouts. Footballs crash against the walls like thunder, skipping ropes whip across the ground like snakes. I run in blind terror between a maze of feet, trying to shrink into some corner unnoticed. HELP ! A huge hand swoops down on me like an eagle and picks me up. Madly I slither about in the hot, clammy hand trying to escape my fate. Voices boom overhead. All at once the hand goes back down to the ground and I'm free. Oh, thank you kind person !

I can just see the wall. My last attempt to reach it fails. I can go no further in this cruel world and I collapse with exhaustion. A shadow looms over me all of a sudden. A shoe. I try to get up and move but I'm trapped. It comes closer and closer to squash me. This is the end. My effort was for nothing.

Karen Ludlow, 3 alpha

TREES IN THE MOONLIGHT

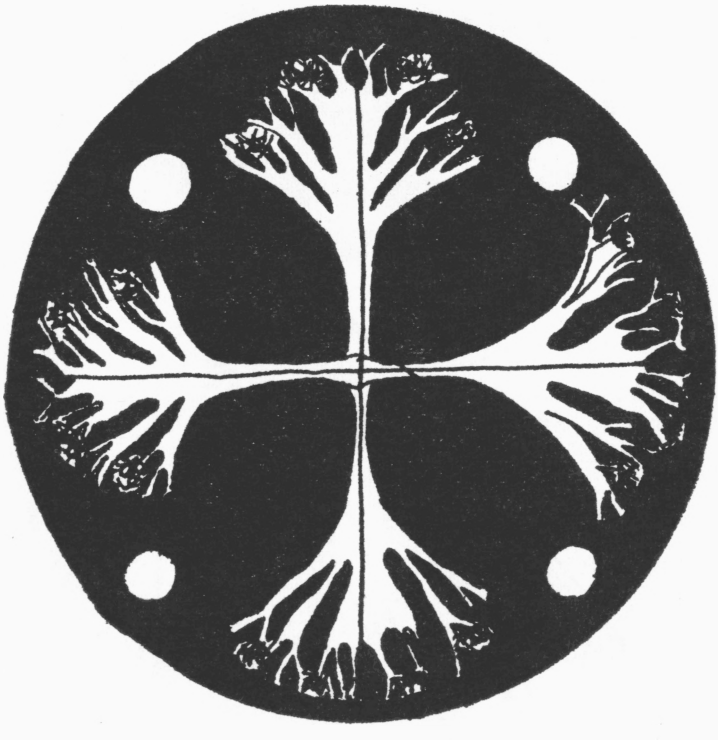
Trees in the moonlight, so silent and still,
Stand like ghosts on the darkened hill,
Crows' nests in their boughs outlined in the sky,
The birds asleep in the forks so high.

When autumn and the leaves do fall,
Trees throw their shadows on the garden wall,
Dead branches and twigs are blown to the ground,
As night creeps on there is hardly a sound.

Frosty bare trees sparkle and glisten,
Some seem to whisper while others listen,
Soon will come snow and cover the trees,
Like a blanket of fur that protects from the breeze.

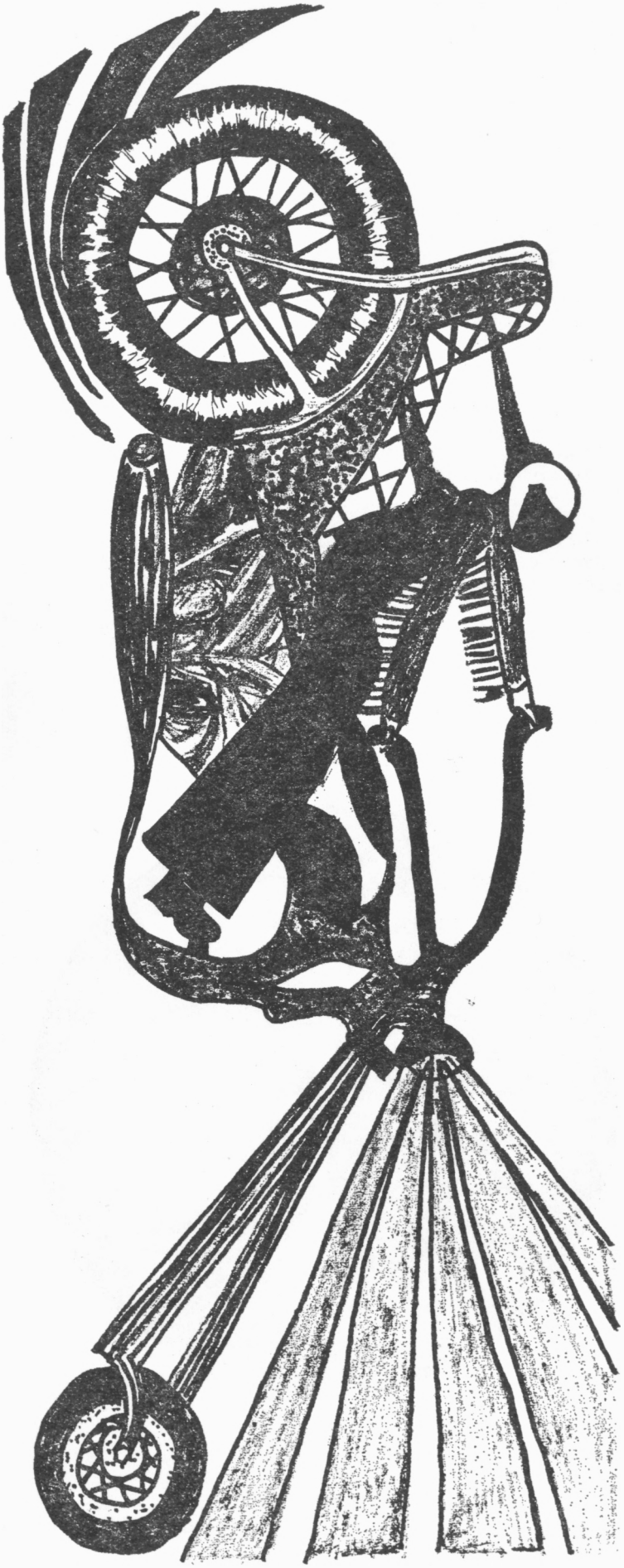
At last it is spring and buds start to form,
The evenings draw out and the nights are warm,
The trees in the moonlight stand still as a steeple,
Just like groups of tall gaunt people.

Deborah Carter, 3z



" Trees in the Moonlight "

Kim Crampton, 4x



" The Joys of Motorcycling "
Julie Mellor, 5 alpha

THE JOYS OF MOTOR CYCLING ?

One of the best ways to get away from it all, is to go for a 50 mile motorbike ride at 80 mph or more. However I have noticed that these 80 mph "Whizz Kids" tend to slow down when a little blue car, with uniformed gentlemen inside, creeps up behind them.

A long ride on the pillion is great, if the suspension is all right, if it isn't then you are the one who suffers. Every ridge in the road tends to jolt you two feet into the air. I must admit going up Blue Bell Hill at 70 mph with bad suspension does not do the rear any good — and I don't mean the bike's rear.

Getting up at 6.00 a.m. in the morning may sound like a nightmare. However, charging down the M1, when there is hardly any traffic around, is to say the least, fantastic. Until you find that while charging along (you have become so lost in a world of your own and dreaming of beating Barry Sheene and Giacomo Agostiniat at Brands Hatch, then claiming the title "World Champion") you've run out of petrol and these isn't a garage for two miles.

"Cold knees" is also one of the few problems of Motor cycling. After a time your knees "lock" and you have to be virtually lifted off the bike and carried indoors, where your knees gradually thaw out.

However, don't be put off by these small and minor inconveniences. Persevere ! Don't give in ! Who knows you might wear Sheenes' laurels in the not too distant future ?

Well, you can HOPE can't you ?

Sue Knowles, 4 alpha

MY FAMILY

The television drones on
Like a happy bee.
Producing bursts of laughter
from its audience.
The door bell rings,
Bengy rushes to the hall barking
It's my brother's friend.
They retire to his room,
Where the sound of guitars
Can be heard, softly strumming.
We sit down again and relax.
Mum passes round some chocolates.
Instantly Ben is by my side
Eyes gazing wistfully
As he dribbles all over my jeans.

Susan Heathcote, 3y

THE CITY

Enveloped in a grey cloak of soot,
The city's buildings stand strictly to attention,
Never moving, never standing at ease.
The air is choked with exhaust fumes,
And pedestrians cough and splutter,
Their faces contort into weird and fascinating shapes.
The City's buildings are tall—
Towering above the millions of people who bustle past
Taking for granted these blocks of
Concrete that project high in the sky.
Paper dances along the street to the music of the wind.
Like dancers who perform delicate and intricate steps.

Caroline Oates, 3a

THE GAME

The evening was very cold,
All the tickets have been sold,
The football game does commence,
They lose the ball over the fence,
The first goal has just been scored,
The goalkeeper looks very bored,
He is glad when the full-time whistle goes,
Because he wants to blow his nose.

Frances Canfield, 4y

THE MAN

The man sat still, just puffing a pipe,
His tiring eyes kept dropping:
Quickly he wakes and starts once more,
Nodding very slowly.

Pulling into the station,
He stoops to grab his bag
With the pipe still in his mouth.

The train now stops,
And out he climbs,
And now in my carriage sits another.

Tina Dixon, 4a

NO SECOND CHANCE

We stood together in the rain
I knew we'd never meet again
Unspoken thoughts
Had come between
What could they mean?

He left me then and it was done
Where we were two, I now was one
A time to sigh
A time to cry
A million tears
Wish he were here.

In days that followed in the street
I'd keep on hoping that we'd meet
Past bus stop queues
And busy shops
I'd see his face
In every place.

Sometimes a voice would really sound
Like his . . . and then I'd turn around
Too scared to hope
Too scared to look
And then I'd find
He wasn't mine

Now I've stopped looking—such a waste—
He's gone—the fact has to be faced
But wait—those eyes
That mouth, that face,
Too late to cry
He's passed me by.

Susan Packard, 4z

THOUGHTS ALONE

I must not say I love you,
You're someone else's boy,
I must not long to hold you,
That's someone else's joy.
I must not let my eyes light up,
When someone says your name,
You're someone else's boyfriend
But I love you just the same.

Donna Farinaro, 5x

LOVING

I love you when you're happy,
I love you when you're sad.
I love you when you're angry,
And when you're being bad.
I love you when you're laughing,
To keep you from all harms.
But what I love about you most,
Are my two loving arms.

Donna Farinaro, 5x

ROSES :

To my little cousin for calling me sexy. . . .

To my music teacher for giving me an unexpected good report. . . .

To my budgie for letting me hear his first words. . . .

To the person who pinched my maths book so I couldn't do any homework (boo hoo). . . .

RASPBERRIES :

To the postman for not bringing me thousands of Valentines on St. Valentine's Day. . . .

To the newsreader who forgot to mention that I had won the pools. . . .

To the Boutiques who seem to think that money grows on trees. . . .

To the person who walked close to me and laddered my tights with her bag. . . .

June Dutton, 4a

QUIZ

1. What you get should you over-expose yourself to the sun.
2. Previous to this.
3. A colour that isolates you.
4. What the vicar said to the newly-weds.
5. Slightly naughty.
6. The schizophrenic's advice.
7. An upper-class child's way of referring to a monkey.
8. Noah's instructions to each type of animal.
9. What you say every week-day morning.
10. Some cows in a bee hive.
11. Part of life's varied tapestry or a trying trudge around.
12. A yokel explaining that "—He is not quite fit—" or a message for divinity students.

Pamela Nichols, 5x

JOKES

What do you call two elephants in a lake?
A pair of swimming trunks.

How do you get rid of a boomerang?
Throw it down a one-way street.

What do you get if you cross a chicken with a greyhound?
Runny eggs.

"Waiter, Waiter! Why is there a piece of soap on my plate?
Oh, that's to wash your food down with, sir!

Lynn Cook, 3z

A MORAL

"An empty head is not filled nor really empty; it is stuffed with rubbish.

"Therefore the difficulty of forcing anything into an empty head."

Lorna Banks, 4a

ANSWERS

1, (Mrs.) Blackburn; 2, B4; 3, Maroon; 4, B1; 5, Pale Blue; 6, B2; 7, AP; 8, B3; 9, High School; 10, B5; 11, TTA; 12, RE lesson in A1.

LATE AFTERNOON IN THE COUNTRY

The long shady lanes slowly twist and curve,
By the ripe golden corn.
The glowing cup slips his golden fingers through the leaves,
As the rabbit hops by.

The butter-coloured King-cups grow in dank, damp ditches
The wood anemones with petals as white as snowflakes
And leaves as green as trees,
Sway gently in a breeze
As a rabbit hops by.

The cowslip, sowthistle and ploughman's spikenard
Whisper to each other.
The glowing yellow-orange sun
Slowly sinks down behind the sturdy hill
The tired flowers slowly curl their dainty petals,
As the tired rabbit hops by.

Frances Magee, 3a

THE HIKERS

Their feet kick up the dust
Of the track which winds
Like a line of spaghetti.
The purple heather buzzes
With the activity of unseen animals,
And sends a sweet smell
Spreading over the hills,
High in the air a lark
Sings to the sun,
Which gradually rises in the sky
Like a dial on a heat generator.
The bright colours of the flowers
Encourage the weary walkers
To stop and look.
A stream hurries down the slope,
Throwing itself over a waterfall
With a gay abandon of
A free life.

Esther Nairne, 4a

EFFORT

The sun is shining. I emerge from the crack in the wall. A vast expanse of grey gravel ground is before me, but I must get to the other wall to escape. As fast as my eight legs will carry me I start out on the journey. I pass huge boulders and enormous sweet wrappers larger than bed sheets. I feel hot from the blazing sun but continue on, trying to keep a steady pace.

To me this playground is like a desert, never ending, and I am the smallest thing for miles around, just a poor lonely traveller. I may go on for the rest of my days to reach my destination. A snug dry wall well away from the crowds of children, a wall they never noticed.

I pass a small bush. Its leaves are like gigantic ships and it is as big as an office block. A dew drop falls from a leaf towards me. I try to dodge but I am knocked flying by the tidal wave.

I awake. How long have I been here ? I feel weak but slowly recover and continue my journey. What's that ? Looming in the distance the wall appears. I'm almost there ! Suddenly a noise chills me. The shrill cry of the school bell. Oh no, out they come, their great feet making the ground shudder, their voices uttering terrifying cries and shouts. Footballs crash against the walls like thunder, skipping ropes whip across the ground like snakes. I run in blind terror between a maze of feet, trying to shrink into some corner unnoticed. HELP ! A huge hand swoops down on me like an eagle and picks me up. Madly I slither about in the hot, clammy hand trying to escape my fate. Voices boom overhead. All at once the hand goes back down to the ground and I'm free. Oh, thank you kind person !

I can just see the wall. My last attempt to reach it fails. I can go no further in this cruel world and I collapse with exhaustion. A shadow looms over me all of a sudden. A shoe. I try to get up and move but I'm trapped. It comes closer and closer to squash me. This is the end. My effort was for nothing.

Karen Ludlow, 3 alpha

TREES IN THE MOONLIGHT

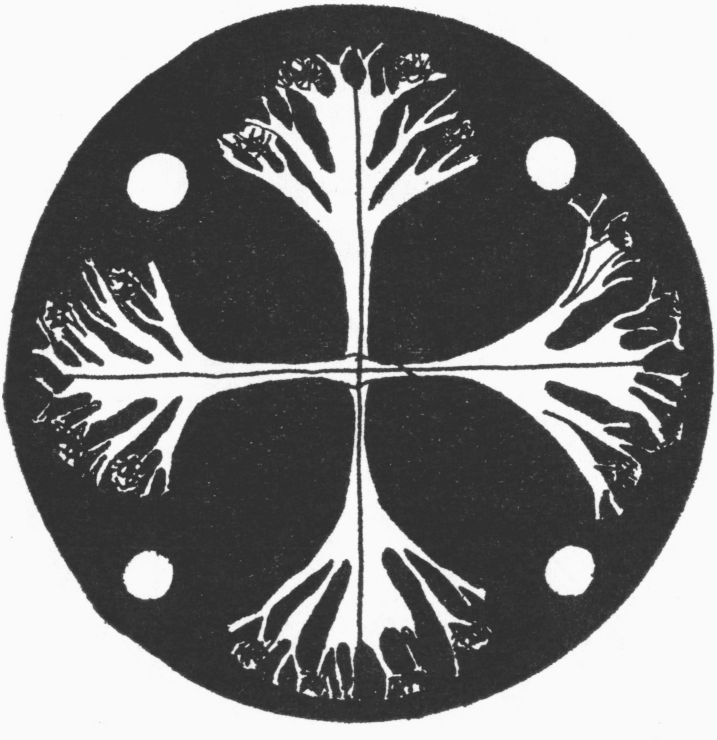
Trees in the moonlight, so silent and still,
Stand like ghosts on the darkened hill,
Crows' nests in their boughs outlined in the sky,
The birds asleep in the forks so high.

When autumn and the leaves do fall,
Trees throw their shadows on the garden wall,
Dead branches and twigs are blown to the ground,
As night creeps on there is hardly a sound.

Frosty bare trees sparkle and glisten,
Some seem to whisper while others listen,
Soon will come snow and cover the trees,
Like a blanket of fur that protects from the breeze.

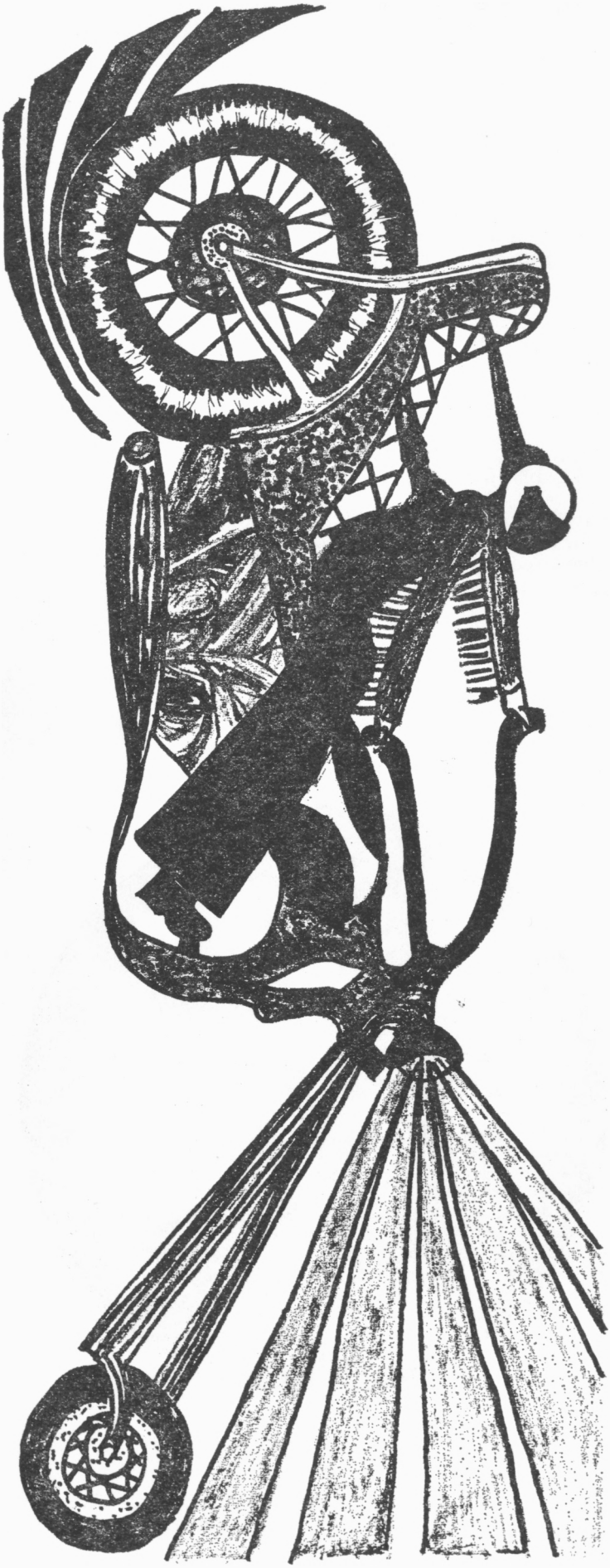
At last it is spring and buds start to form,
The evenings draw out and the nights are warm,
The trees in the moonlight stand still as a steeple,
Just like groups of tall gaunt people.

Deborah Carter, 3z



" Trees in the Moonlight "

Kim Crampton, 4x



" The Joys of Motorcycling "
Julie Mellor, 5 alpha

THE JOYS OF MOTOR CYCLING?

One of the best ways to get away from it all, is to go for a 50 mile motorbike ride at 80 mph or more. However I have noticed that these 80 mph "Whizz Kids" tend to slow down when a little blue car, with uniformed gentlemen inside, creeps up behind them.

A long ride on the pillion is great, if the suspension is all right, if it isn't then you are the one who suffers. Every ridge in the road tends to jolt you two feet into the air. I must admit going up Blue Bell Hill at 70 mph with bad suspension does not do the rear any good — and I don't mean the bike's rear.

Getting up at 6.00 a.m. in the morning may sound like a nightmare. However, charging down the M1, when there is hardly any traffic around, is to say the least, fantastic. Until you find that while charging along (you have become so lost in a world of your own and dreaming of beating Barry Sheene and Giacomo Agostiniat at Brands Hatch, then claiming the title "World Champion") you've run out of petrol and these isn't a garage for two miles.

"Cold knees" is also one of the few problems of Motor cycling. After a time your knees "lock" and you have to be virtually lifted off the bike and carried indoors, where your knees gradually thaw out.

However, don't be put off by these small and minor inconveniences. Persevere! Don't give in! Who knows you might wear Sheenes' laurels in the not too distant future?

Well, you can HOPE can't you?

Sue Knowles, 4 alpha

MY FAMILY

The television drones on
Like a happy bee.
Producing bursts of laughter
from its audience.
The door bell rings,
Bengy rushes to the hall barking
It's my brother's friend.
They retire to his room,
Where the sound of guitars
Can be heard, softly strumming.
We sit down again and relax.
Mum passes round some chocolates.
Instantly Ben is by my side
Eyes gazing wistfully
As he dribbles all over my jeans.

Susan Heathcote, 3y

THE CITY

Enveloped in a grey cloak of soot,
The city's buildings stand strictly to attention,
Never moving, never standing at ease.
The air is choked with exhaust fumes,
And pedestrians cough and splutter,
Their faces contort into weird and fascinating shapes.
The City's buildings are tall—
Towering above the millions of people who bustle past
Taking for granted these blocks of
Concrete that project high in the sky.
Paper dances along the street to the music of the wind.
Like dancers who perform delicate and intricate steps.

Caroline Oates, 3a

THE GAME

The evening was very cold,
All the tickets have been sold,
The football game does commence,
They lose the ball over the fence,
The first goal has just been scored,
The goalkeeper looks very bored,
He is glad when the full-time whistle goes,
Because he wants to blow his nose.

Frances Canfield, 4y

THE MAN

The man sat still, just puffing a pipe,
His tiring eyes kept dropping:
Quickly he wakes and starts once more,
Nodding very slowly.

Pulling into the station,
He stoops to grab his bag
With the pipe still in his mouth.

The train now stops,
And out he climbs,
And now in my carriage sits another.

Tina Dixon, 4a

NO SECOND CHANCE

We stood together in the rain
I knew we'd never meet again
Unspoken thoughts
Had come between
What could they mean?

He left me then and it was done
Where we were two, I now was one
A time to sigh
A time to cry
A million tears
Wish he were here.

In days that followed in the street
I'd keep on hoping that we'd meet
Past bus stop queues
And busy shops
I'd see his face
In every place.

Sometimes a voice would really sound
Like his . . . and then I'd turn around
Too scared to hope
Too scared to look
And then I'd find
He wasn't mine

Now I've stopped looking—such a waste—
He's gone—the fact has to be faced
But wait—those eyes
That mouth, that face,
Too late to cry
He's passed me by.

Susan Packard, 4z

THOUGHTS ALONE

I must not say I love you,
You're someone else's boy,
I must not long to hold you,
That's someone else's joy.
I must not let my eyes light up,
When someone says your name,
You're someone else's boyfriend
But I love you just the same.

Donna Farinaro, 5x

LOVING

I love you when you're happy,
I love you when you're sad.
I love you when you're angry,
And when you're being bad.
I love you when you're laughing,
To keep you from all harms.
But what I love about you most,
Are my two loving arms.

Donna Farinaro, 5x

ROSES :

To my little cousin for calling me sexy. . . .

To my music teacher for giving me an unexpected good report. . . .

To my budgie for letting me hear his first words. . . .

To the person who pinched my maths book so I couldn't do any homework (boo hoo). . . .

RASPBERRIES :

To the postman for not bringing me thousands of Valentines on St. Valentine's Day. . . .

To the newsreader who forgot to mention that I had won the pools. . . .

To the Boutiques who seem to think that money grows on trees. . . .

To the person who walked close to me and laddered my tights with her bag. . . .

June Dutton, 4a

QUIZ

1. What you get should you over-expose yourself to the sun.
2. Previous to this.
3. A colour that isolates you.
4. What the vicar said to the newly-weds.
5. Slightly naughty.
6. The schizophrenic's advice.
7. An upper-class child's way of referring to a monkey.
8. Noah's instructions to each type of animal.
9. What you say every week-day morning.
10. Some cows in a bee hive.
11. Part of life's varied tapestry or a trying trudge around.
12. A yokel explaining that "—He is not quite fit—" or a message for divinity students.

Pamela Nichols, 5x

JOKES

What do you call two elephants in a lake?
A pair of swimming trunks.

How do you get rid of a boomerang?
Throw it down a one-way street.

What do you get if you cross a chicken with a greyhound?
Runny eggs.

"Waiter, Waiter! Why is there a piece of soap on my plate?
Oh, that's to wash your food down with, sir!

Lynn Cook, 3z

A MORAL

"An empty head is not filled nor really empty; it is stuffed with rubbish.

"Therefore the difficulty of forcing anything into an empty head."

Lorna Banks, 4a

ANSWERS

1, (Mrs.) Blackburn; 2, B4; 3, Maroon; 4, B1; 5, Pale Blue; 6, B2; 7, AP; 8, B3; 9, High School; 10, B5; 11, TTA; 12, RE lesson in A1.

PIGS

Pink, round, short and fat,
Their nose or snout is squat and flat,
A curly tail and trotters four,
They stand six inches from the floor.

When it's time for daily meal,
They snort, scuffle, grunt and squeal,
They all go rushing for the trough,
Before the food is finished off.

They like to wallow in the mire,
Until of this delight they tire,
So then they cuddle up to sleep,
A dirty, muddy, happy heap.

A pig's life is but very short,
For very soon they will be bought,
For bacon on somebody's plate,
And this is every piggy's fate!

Sally Brooks, 3a

THE PEARL

It lies there, in its oyster bed,
A huge translucent global ball,
A new shed tear about to fall.
Innocent babe within the womb.
Cosseted by mother of pearl.
Yet evil pearl!
A dim light burns within its sphere.
Filling men with burning desire.
O evil pearl!
Luring men—
To crave for you.
Down, down in search,
To reach for you,
To rob, to kill,
To die for you.
Thou locked in treasure,
Evil Pearl!

Louise Spencer, 3y

OBEDIENCE CLASSES

On Friday evenings at seven-thirty I go to dog training classes in Barming Village Hall. To start off with you walk round in a circle with your dog on the outside keeping him at heel. Heel work is a good thing to start off with as it teaches your dog to be alert, to watch your every movement and to stay by your left side even if you turn right around, run or walk. Then you progress to "stay" where the dog has to stay at either "sit", "down" or "stand" even if you walk away and leave him, stand in front of him or walk in circles. This is a very useful exercise as it means that you can leave your dog outside a shop knowing that he will still be there when you return. As you both get more experienced he is taught to retrieve a dumbell, go round to your left side and sit on the command "finish" and to come when he is called. Obedience training is not just a game, it creates a bond between the handler and dog as they work in unison, the dog following alert and ready to obey. The dog is well mannered in crowds, is used to other dogs and there are always obedience competitions to take part in.

Susan Heathcote, 3y

THE END

I stood there crying; why did he have to go? My childhood life, and now my youth, had revolved around him. My lifelong friend.

I remember running across the fields with him and how he always ran beside me, he never strayed. I remember the night I cried because my boyfriend had stood me up. He was there to sit with me and tell my troubles to. He never said anything but I knew he understood all my problems and I could always sit with him and tell him my troubles. They say that a problem shared is a problem halved, and I really believed that about Shaun.

When I was four he was given as a present from my Aunt. He rolled out of his box and slid about on our lino floor. He had beautiful brown eyes, a lovely wet nose and a big tongue; always ready to give a comforting lick. Mum told me to train him, but somehow I just never got round to that; we had too much fun on our walks. We went across fields, over hills and through woods and never once did he leave my side. He was MY dog and I loved him more than anything else in my life.

I hadn't really noticed now that he didn't run so fast or how he didn't eat his food, but my Mother did. She took him to the vet and he said that Shaun is getting old and he's got to go. As I sit here looking at him tears

spill from my eyes and down my cheeks. Shaun comes up and gives my hand a reassuring lick. Why don't they kill me ? It would be easier.

Mum comes to take him away and the last I see of my friend is his big fluffy tail, that had been cut off when he was young so it sort of stuck out now.

The memories are still in my mind and I know I will never forget him. I hope he has gone to the big dog kennel in the sky where he will get many big, juicy bones. I hope that he'll be happy.

Susan Marshall, 5y

Nicola Buss, 5y

MY FAITHFUL FRIEND

It was all over. He was faithful, loving and obedient, and was the best friend I ever had.

I had known him all my life. To begin with, I treated him roughly, and tortured him tremendously, but he understood me and ignored every unkind deed that I paid him. As I grew older my love for him deepened and we were never apart. It was then that I decided that I wanted him to be with me until I died. I could not have wished for anyone better. We had established an understanding between us that he would always be there when I wanted him to, to listen to my problems, when nobody else in the world cared about me. Everywhere I went he went with me, and even when I was ill he stayed constantly by my side, and did not even close his eyes. It was as if he was scared that I would leave him if he had closed them.

How I loved him. I think I still do. However, I felt that it was about time that we parted and went our own separate ways for a while, even though I had previously decided to stay with him always. I told him of my decision, but he did not say anything. He just sat there and stared with those large glass eyes which once I tried to pull out. He was motionless, his head hung forward, those broken stitches had helped him to hide his feelings from me. I could not bear to see him sit there alone and unhappy, and in a moment of pity I picked him up and took him to the children's home in the neighbouring town, where I thought that somebody would find a friend in him as I did. He still did not say a word, but I knew that he would be happy.

Sandra Chapman, 5y

THE CHESTNUT KING

He stood just like a King,
Silhouetted in the sky,
He let out a shriek,
Another challenging cry,
The silence broke like shattered glass
He heard the chilled reply,
He waited in suspense,
His nostrils flared,
His muscles tense.

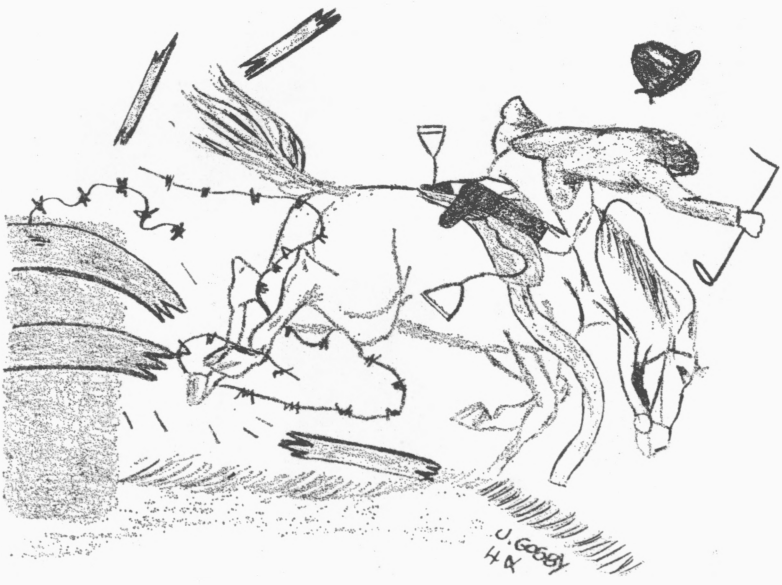
They met like warriors,
On a dirty dusty plane,
His hooves were flailing,
He grasped at tousled mane,
Our chestnut kicked with powered force,
The fated dapple fell,
Scarlet spurts from his limb,
The chestnut rose,
Victorious King.

Dawn Bonner, 4a

DEATH OF A HORSE

The fence was too high,
Barbed wire was strewn between the wooden bars,
The horse approached stealthily,
He was scared,
White clouds of sweat formed around his majestic black neck,
His eyes rolled in terror,
His rider hit him viciously, driving him on,
The grass was non-existent,
The rain had made sure of that,
Perhaps that's why he slipped,
A cry of agony,
A scream of terror,
As both horse and rider plunged into the midst of the fence,
People cried, hid their faces,
Officials took a shotgun, and wheeled the van onto the field,
The fence was demolished,
Blood discoloured the wood,
The vet could not help,
The pain was too much for the horse,
His hind leg torn from his body,
The screen was too late,
A bang,
A disturbing silence,
A dead horse.

Teresa Judge, 4a



J. Gosby, 4 alpha

Karen Bennett, 5y

PENNY DEAD! IT CAN'T BE PENNY

Loneliness lay around me,
I now know that I shouldn't have let her run ahead alone,
But there she lay on that cold stone.
I daren't go near her, for the shudder,
As I would no longer be her Mother.

I picked her up, so limp and brown,
Quite still and pale,
As I looked from head to tail,
Tears sprang to my eyes as I shouted,
" Penny dead! It can't be Penny ".

She was only nine, not old enough.
Not old enough to die.
Not to be killed, killed by a car,
Who could have been so mean?
Or is it just me in a dream?

Julie Simon, 3z

JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB

Thirty members of the Third Year enthusiastically joined Drama Club at the beginning of the year. For half an hour every Monday they planned and worked on two productions. At the end of the Christmas term the whole of the Third Year was entertained by a humorous fairy tale " The Hole in the Sock ", a domestic comedy " Baby-sitting " and musical item. At Easter the emphasis was again on humour with a " Gang Show " sketch, " Robin Hood ", and a comical version of " The Generation Game ". Six members of the lower Sixth form gave advice to various groups and helped with the productions.

Mrs. Godfrey

IN TEN YEARS' TIME

Sitting at a desk by a window, its surface littered with a million scraps of paper. Scrawling frantically and pausing to draw thoughtfully on the half-smoked cigarette held between my fingers. Forgotten ideas, remembered and abandoned; strewn about the place, as I struggled to unite the scattered reflections in my mind.

A repeated mechanical action; processing, searching, rejecting. A single thought crystalised and transposed onto paper. Emptiness and weariness. The hours tick by and the utilitarian surroundings in the dull, drab room flicker mysteriously in the half-light.

Concentration, devotion . . . an earnest yearning to pour emotion into the non-existent lives of nameless faces; within the world and out. A single-minded attempt to confront life face to face and mould it to selfish perfection. Silence echoed in silence as the battle rages on through age and age.

The shadows bow and sink on the horizon, a misty blur envelopes time. Exhausted; collapsing on the half-made bed, hidden in the darkened corner. Frowning at the fatigue that makes mind and body relent, forcing one to forsake a never-ending labour.

Shrilling vibrations which jerk and jar, drawing one reluctantly from sanctity. Moving in a dazed stupor in the greying dawn, collecting work for the brightening day, and emerging from a condensed existence into the yawning world, prepared to face the screaming mob enclosed within those four grey walls.

Drawing a magnitude of fragmented ideas from unwilling, burdened youths, who refuse to identify with life. Striving to impart a reason, a thirst, a seed of hope in bitter, disillusioned bosoms that seeth with despair.

Revealing expression. Emotion imparted in art. Body, mind and spirit united in expressing feeling. Fashion a channel for unexplored movement and freedom; physically and mentally.

And as the day is done, returning to the sweat and hardships. Shadows lengthening tonight and tomorrow. A circle, a spiral. Life: phototropic. Another revelation transferred to paper. The cigarette finished, a late goodnight again. So much to do and so little time to do it in. Human weakness reflected in the human mind.

Helen Ruth Jones, 5a

PIGS

Pink, round, short and fat,
Their nose or snout is squat and flat,
A curly tail and trotters four,
They stand six inches from the floor.

When it's time for daily meal,
They snort, scuffle, grunt and squeal,
They all go rushing for the trough,
Before the food is finished off.

They like to wallow in the mire,
Until of this delight they tire,
So then they cuddle up to sleep,
A dirty, muddy, happy heap.

A pig's life is but very short,
For very soon they will be bought,
For bacon on somebody's plate,
And this is every piggy's fate!

Sally Brooks, 3a

THE PEARL

It lies there, in its oyster bed,
A huge translucent global ball,
A new shed tear about to fall.
Innocent babe within the womb.
Cosseted by mother of pearl.
Yet evil pearl!
A dim light burns within its sphere.
Filling men with burning desire.
O evil pearl!
Luring men—
To crave for you.
Down, down in search,
To reach for you,
To rob, to kill,
To die for you.
Thou locked in treasure,
Evil Pearl!

Louise Spencer, 3y

OBEDIENCE CLASSES

On Friday evenings at seven-thirty I go to dog training classes in Barming Village Hall. To start off with you walk round in a circle with your dog on the outside keeping him at heel. Heel work is a good thing to start off with as it teaches your dog to be alert, to watch your every movement and to stay by your left side even if you turn right around, run or walk. Then you progress to "stay" where the dog has to stay at either "sit", "down" or "stand" even if you walk away and leave him, stand in front of him or walk in circles. This is a very useful exercise as it means that you can leave your dog outside a shop knowing that he will still be there when you return. As you both get more experienced he is taught to retrieve a dumbell, go round to your left side and sit on the command "finish" and to come when he is called. Obedience training is not just a game, it creates a bond between the handler and dog as they work in unison, the dog following alert and ready to obey. The dog is well mannered in crowds, is used to other dogs and there are always obedience competitions to take part in.

Susan Heathcote, 3y

THE END

I stood there crying; why did he have to go? My childhood life, and now my youth, had revolved around him. My lifelong friend.

I remember running across the fields with him and how he always ran beside me, he never strayed. I remember the night I cried because my boyfriend had stood me up. He was there to sit with me and tell my troubles to. He never said anything but I knew he understood all my problems and I could always sit with him and tell him my troubles. They say that a problem shared is a problem halved, and I really believed that about Shaun.

When I was four he was given as a present from my Aunt. He rolled out of his box and slid about on our lino floor. He had beautiful brown eyes, a lovely wet nose and a big tongue; always ready to give a comforting lick. Mum told me to train him, but somehow I just never got round to that; we had too much fun on our walks. We went across fields, over hills and through woods and never once did he leave my side. He was MY dog and I loved him more than anything else in my life.

I hadn't really noticed now that he didn't run so fast or how he didn't eat his food, but my Mother did. She took him to the vet and he said that Shaun is getting old and he's got to go. As I sit here looking at him tears

spill from my eyes and down my cheeks. Shaun comes up and gives my hand a reassuring lick. Why don't they kill me ? It would be easier.

Mum comes to take him away and the last I see of my friend is his big fluffy tail, that had been cut off when he was young so it sort of stuck out now.

The memories are still in my mind and I know I will never forget him. I hope he has gone to the big dog kennel in the sky where he will get many big, juicy bones. I hope that he'll be happy.

Susan Marshall, 5y

Nicola Buss, 5y

MY FAITHFUL FRIEND

It was all over. He was faithful, loving and obedient, and was the best friend I ever had.

I had known him all my life. To begin with, I treated him roughly, and tortured him tremendously, but he understood me and ignored every unkind deed that I paid him. As I grew older my love for him deepened and we were never apart. It was then that I decided that I wanted him to be with me until I died. I could not have wished for anyone better. We had established an understanding between us that he would always be there when I wanted him to, to listen to my problems, when nobody else in the world cared about me. Everywhere I went he went with me, and even when I was ill he stayed constantly by my side, and did not even close his eyes. It was as if he was scared that I would leave him if he had closed them.

How I loved him. I think I still do. However, I felt that it was about time that we parted and went our own separate ways for a while, even though I had previously decided to stay with him always. I told him of my decision, but he did not say anything. He just sat there and stared with those large glass eyes which once I tried to pull out. He was motionless, his head hung forward, those broken stitches had helped him to hide his feelings from me. I could not bear to see him sit there alone and unhappy, and in a moment of pity I picked him up and took him to the children's home in the neighbouring town, where I thought that somebody would find a friend in him as I did. He still did not say a word, but I knew that he would be happy.

Sandra Chapman, 5y

THE CHESTNUT KING

He stood just like a King,
Silhouetted in the sky,
He let out a shriek,
Another challenging cry,
The silence broke like shattered glass
He heard the chilled reply,
He waited in suspense,
His nostrils flared,
His muscles tense.

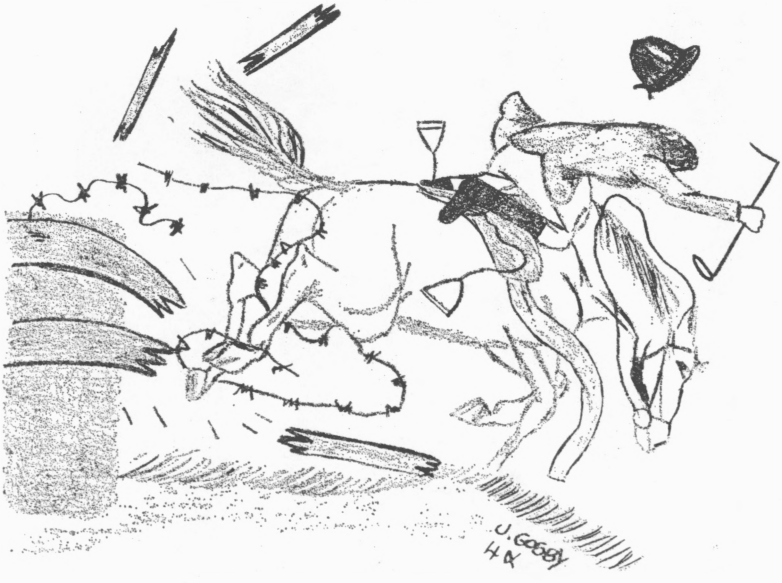
They met like warriors,
On a dirty dusty plane,
His hooves were flailing,
He grasped at tousled mane,
Our chestnut kicked with powered force,
The fated dapple fell,
Scarlet spurts from his limb,
The chestnut rose,
Victorious King.

Dawn Bonner, 4a

DEATH OF A HORSE

The fence was too high,
Barbed wire was strewn between the wooden bars,
The horse approached stealthily,
He was scared,
White clouds of sweat formed around his majestic black neck,
His eyes rolled in terror,
His rider hit him viciously, driving him on,
The grass was non-existent,
The rain had made sure of that,
Perhaps that's why he slipped,
A cry of agony,
A scream of terror,
As both horse and rider plunged into the midst of the fence,
People cried, hid their faces,
Officials took a shotgun, and wheeled the van onto the field,
The fence was demolished,
Blood discoloured the wood,
The vet could not help,
The pain was too much for the horse,
His hind leg torn from his body,
The screen was too late,
A bang,
A disturbing silence,
A dead horse.

Teresa Judge, 4a



J. Gosby, 4 alpha

Karen Bennett, 5y

PENNY DEAD! IT CAN'T BE PENNY

Loneliness lay around me,
I now know that I shouldn't have let her run ahead alone,
But there she lay on that cold stone.
I daren't go near her, for the shudder,
As I would no longer be her Mother.

I picked her up, so limp and brown,
Quite still and pale,
As I looked from head to tail,
Tears sprang to my eyes as I shouted,
" Penny dead! It can't be Penny ".

She was only nine, not old enough.
Not old enough to die.
Not to be killed, killed by a car,
Who could have been so mean?
Or is it just me in a dream?

Julie Simon, 3z

JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB

Thirty members of the Third Year enthusiastically joined Drama Club at the beginning of the year. For half an hour every Monday they planned and worked on two productions. At the end of the Christmas term the whole of the Third Year was entertained by a humorous fairy tale " The Hole in the Sock ", a domestic comedy " Baby-sitting " and musical item. At Easter the emphasis was again on humour with a " Gang Show " sketch, " Robin Hood ", and a comical version of " The Generation Game ". Six members of the lower Sixth form gave advice to various groups and helped with the productions.

Mrs. Godfrey

IN TEN YEARS' TIME

Sitting at a desk by a window, its surface littered with a million scraps of paper. Scrawling frantically and pausing to draw thoughtfully on the half-smoked cigarette held between my fingers. Forgotten ideas, remembered and abandoned; strewn about the place, as I struggled to unite the scattered reflections in my mind.

A repeated mechanical action; processing, searching, rejecting. A single thought crystalised and transposed onto paper. Emptiness and weariness. The hours tick by and the utilitarian surroundings in the dull, drab room flicker mysteriously in the half-light.

Concentration, devotion . . . an earnest yearning to pour emotion into the non-existent lives of nameless faces; within the world and out. A single-minded attempt to confront life face to face and mould it to selfish perfection. Silence echoed in silence as the battle rages on through age and age.

The shadows bow and sink on the horizon, a misty blur envelopes time. Exhausted; collapsing on the half-made bed, hidden in the darkened corner. Frowning at the fatigue that makes mind and body relent, forcing one to forsake a never-ending labour.

Shrilling vibrations which jerk and jar, drawing one reluctantly from sanctity. Moving in a dazed stupor in the greying dawn, collecting work for the brightening day, and emerging from a condensed existence into the yawning world, prepared to face the screaming mob enclosed within those four grey walls.

Drawing a magnitude of fragmented ideas from unwilling, burdened youths, who refuse to identify with life. Striving to impart a reason, a thirst, a seed of hope in bitter, disillusioned bosoms that seeth with despair.

Revealing expression. Emotion imparted in art. Body, mind and spirit united in expressing feeling. Fashion a channel for unexplored movement and freedom; physically and mentally.

And as the day is done, returning to the sweat and hardships. Shadows lengthening tonight and tomorrow. A circle, a spiral. Life: phototropic. Another revelation transferred to paper. The cigarette finished, a late goodnight again. So much to do and so little time to do it in. Human weakness reflected in the human mind.

Helen Ruth Jones, 5a

LET THE WORLD BE STILL

Silence!
Let the world be still
And listen . . .
To the earwig wormed in grass,
The lark's soft wings carressing breath-filled air;
To the sighing of the earth's
Age-old axis,
Bearing the strain of
Eternity;
The seeping of the rainfall
Dripping slowly to the basin,
The earth's core,
Washing the pain of the years;
The wind,
Condemmed to roam forever,
Wends her way
With women's wiles;
Seductive, angry, weary. . . .
The universe attends
And is contented;
The earth hears
And is alert. . . .
Only man,
About his daily labours,
Ignores the
Harmony of nature
And, tireless, blunders on his way
Noising loud abroad,
Such sounds as crush the
Earth's sweet song
And deafen every heart.

Helen Ruth Jones, 5a

AFRAID

Afraid, afraid, afraid of the dark,
Who knows this maybe where ghosties lark,
Afraid to get out of bed at night,
To walk to the door and switch on the light.

Haunted house full of noises,
Clanging chains and whispering voices,
A perfect place for every ghost
" Come inside and I'll be your host "

There's spiders, beetles, worms and bats,
Wasps and bees and mice and rats,
All these creatures God has made,
So why is everyone afraid?

Wendy Sunnucks, 3a

FAMINE

Children huddle against their dead parents,
Tears slowly dripping down their parched skins.
Not knowing what to do.
Their saddening wailing cries,
Breaking the silence in the bleak unwanted country.
People stretch their bony quivering fingers towards the sky,
Hopefully waiting for even just a small bundle to appear.
Hunched together pitifully trying to keep warm,
Only waiting and perhaps wanting death.
Old ones mourn sorrowfully as they passivily lay down to sleep,
Maybe for ever.

Kim Seaton, 3z

Sharon Bury, 5y

FROM YOUR NEW SIXTH FORM SCHOOL COUNCIL CHAIRMAN

The aim of this magazine is to enable members of the school to express their ideas on any subject. I would like to make use of this opportunity to put forward some of my ideas that might help to improve life for both the main school and the sixth form.

At the moment everyone is suffering financially, and this is affecting the K.E.C. who must restrict our supplies. This means that for the whole school cuts are being made on things which are not absolutely essential. My idea is that we organise, with consent from Mrs. Blackburn or Mr. Dick, fund raising activities to finance ourselves.

How ?

Some time ago we made a newspaper collection to raise money for a community centre. Why not now do it for ourselves? We could also perhaps do a sponsored day which has been managed in the past to boost our funds. In July we have a fête and perhaps this year if we plan earlier we can increase the support.

Many talented musicians and actors have already made an excellent contribution this year. It is up to the rest of us now to show what we can do in the coming year.

With a concerted effort from the whole school we can raise the money, but what are we going to do with it?

There are a number of small improvements that could be made to buildings and equipment that could be bought to help everyone in future years if we could afford it. For the Sixth Forms the library in particular could be improved. As well as this, we could afford to continue to have a Christmas film, to perhaps arrange visits to the theatre and the cinema, and to organise a disco in future. If we all were to contribute in some way we would have money left for various charities and enough to put into a kitty for future years.

However, it is up to us to make the effort. There are two councils in school which enable us to participate in the running of the school. They were not elected for nothing so why don't we use them to get these ideas put into action?

Sandra Booker, 6_1

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

Numerous successful activities have taken place in the music department in the last year.

In May, 1974, a joint musical and dance drama took place. Besides various musical items performed by girls of the school, a production of George Dyson's " Canterbury Pilgrms " took place. This was narrated by Miss Waterfield, conducted by Mr. Batten and accompanied by Douglas Moore (Head of Music at Maidstone School for Boys). An added achievement was the fact that Rachel Hewson, then 4a, stepped in at the last minute because Mrs. Batten, owing to illness, was unable to sing the solo part. A remarkably successful item in this concert was a piece of serial music called Interlude, written by Peta Tolhurst for three clarinets.

Many girls from this school took part in a Maidstone Youth Music Society concert held at the Kent Hall in July, 1974. This society was formed in February, 1974, and, since then, many of our girls have been attending weekly Friday night rehearsals held at this school.

Later in July the school took part in a concert in conjunction with Maidstone School for Boys. There were many solo items performed by the boys but we took part in the major event of the evening, Spring (The Seasons by Haydn). The three soloists were Rachel Hewson, soprano, Keith Viner, tenor, and Mr. R. Jeal, bass. Mr. Batten played the accompaniment.

A new venture took place on the 20th November, 1974. This was a Chamber Concert. All items were performed either by solo girls or small groups of performers; many people remarked on the high standard of the performances. As an experiment this concert was seated in the round and was highly acclaimed by everyone.

Another Maidstone Youth Music Society concert took place in November, this time at the Girls' Grammar School. Again our school provided a large number of players. Included in this concert were three solo items, two of which were provided by Sharon Jordan, Susan Bennetts and Helen Jones.

In December the Madrigal Choir were invited by the Salvation Army to take part in a carol concert at the Hazlitt Theatre which was in aid of the Mentally Handicapped Society. The items performed were " This Little Babe " and " Dea Gracias " from the " Ceremony of Carols " by Benjamin Britten, and " Quelle est cette deur Agreable ? ", a traditional French carol, and " Mary's Boy Child ", a negro spiritual.

In January, 1975, twenty girls studying music attended a performance of Mozart's "The Magic Flute " at the London Coliseum. This was a special trip arranged by British Rail.

The highlight of the past year was the performance to a capacity audience of Mendelssohn's " Elijah " by the combined choirs of the Maidstone Upper Schools. This venture, the first of its kind, was initiated and organised by our school.

The performance had tremendous verve and the singing of the choir was excellent, despite extremely cramped seating arrangements. As the main soloists the schools were fortunate to have the services of four students, Teresa Wellend, soprano, Phyllis Cannan, contralto, John Fichards, tenor, and Timothy Oldryd, baritone, from the London Opera Centre, and the part of the youth was ably sung by Susan Bennetts.

The success of this concert was due largely to the conducting of Mr. Batten, who fired us all with enthusiasm,

and the experience gained will remain with all who participated for a long time.

The coming events include "Dido and Aneas", an School, and "The Demon of Adochigahara", by the third year girls. These will take place on the 3rd and 4th of July at this school.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Batten, without whose efforts and enthusiasm these activities would not be possible.

Paula Booth and Jacqueline Wright, 6$_1$

THE SCHOOL PLAY

I think that there should be at least two play productions put on a year as, although many people are very tense and under a lot of strain during the play, it does bring a lot of people closer together. For instance maybe you see someone around the school daily but for some reason you don't think she likes you or she strikes you as not a very nice person, but you might get to know her because she has something to do with the play and afterwards you have set up quite a friendship. Of maybe you are a bit shy in the normal way to just go up and speak to her but through the play you find that she is also very shy, and because of this you start to chat to her about various different things. I know that for a fact I made several friends in just the three nights that the play was on, some people that I thought would not have a lot of time to speak to a third year, let alone to have quite a friendly conversation with me. On the whole I think that this sort of experience of working together with people is very good so I think that more of this sort of thing is good.

Heidi Sandell, 3 alpha

1 Orchard Street,
Maidstone.

The Editress,

The Mag with a Hole
(if you don't contribute),

Maidstone School for Girls.

Chere Mademoiselle,

May a member of the ordinary public from outside your scholastic precincts, who had not been fortunate enough before to see a production of Doctor Faustus, express his appreciation of a very enjoyable evening spent with you at the end of February.

I found the whole presentation gripping, the sound effects, especially the appearance of Lucifer and his retinue, most dramatic if a little startling. The dialogue, alternating between the profound and the ludicrous, culminating in the heart-rending as Marlowe intended, of course, came over well and there was plenty of evidence of histrionic talent.

I therefore anticipate optimistically further polished performances by your girls before the Old Vic finally claims some of them for her own.

Thespian Theodore

DRAMA REPORT

Wednesday, May 8th, 1974, was an important day for our Sixth Form girls who were candidates for the A.E.B. O/A Drama Examination, because their Pracical Examination, worth 40% of the total mark, was to take place during the afternoon. For the practical examination in Drama it is not necessary to be an actress: your assessment can be for stagelighting or set construction or design, or the design and application of make-up, or costume, which is associated with the presentation of drama for a live audience.

This definition is important because it excludes from practical and project, studies which are principally of film and television and also excludes unrehearsed improvisation which is the centre of so much drama in the main school. In 1972, when we entered the first year of the exam, candidates submitted as projects plays they had written for television. The Board ruled that these had at least to be partly adapted for the stage before they could be accepted. This was done and an essay written with great glee to show why they were far better suited to television than the stage.

This year's candidates had combined to produce "Waiting for Godot"; four were to be assessed on their acting, others on their stagecraft. Their audience comprised Lower Sixth girls who would themselves be candidates in 1975, and Fourth Form girls whom Miss Waterfield and I would normally have been teaching at that time. "Waiting for Godot" requires a strong sense of comedy and theatre and much stagecraft to bring the text to life. Pauline Willis and Caroline Heselwood were hilarious and much appreciated by the lucky audience. The set was very pleasing and well suggested early evening on a country road. Two candidates had designed and made the set and costumes for their practical exam. Mr. Worsfield, our external examiner for three years, will not in the future have time to include us and we are sorry to end our association with him. Both the candidates and Miss Waterfield worked very hard towards this successful afternoon.

In May the school concert took place and it included a performance of "Orpheus", a dance drama inspired by the poetry of Ted Hughes and using both popular and classical music. It was danced by Sixth Form girls and was choreographed and narrated by Miss Waterfield. The exciting lighting was provided by the lighting designer from the Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury. It was so well received that we were asked to perform it again at the theatre in Canterbury. We did this in July and extended the programme to include "The Fall of Icarus" and "The Gamecock". Several changes were made to the performance of Orpheus, including an introduction in which the dancers warmed-up on stage and gradually assumed their characters.

Miss Waterfield is to be congratulated on developing a dance sequence which, while testing her dancers' capacities to the limit, was yet not over ambitious for them.

Helen Couchman as Orpheus clearly felt the part and gave a good dramatic performance in addition to her dancing.

In July, 1974, a Drama Day was introduced for the Third Year. Each form was allocated a set period of an hour to prepare the stage, act, and clear completely, ready for the next form to start. It was stipulated that every member of the form should be involved in some way.

An assessment of all the forms' efforts was made at the end of the afternoon by a panel of English staff. Trophies were available for the form which gave the best overall performance and for the most competent actress. Mrs. Blackburn presented these to 3 alpha and to Carol Laverick, 3y. The standard was high, but everyone, whether winning or losing, had put in much work and had a rewarding day.

" Doctor Faustus " this Spring presented a challenge. It has difficult language, a huge cast and a mixture of comedy. tragedy, and masque. All elements were excellently coped with and played to record audiences on the last two nights. Helen Jones and Susan Charman gave differing but excellent interpretations of the main character.

During the past year theatre visits have been arranged to " Roots ", " Look Back in Anger ", " Oh, What a Lovely War ! " and " Equus ". Cinema trips have been made to " Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid ", " How to Steal a Million " and " The Taming of the Shrew ".

J. Waterfield, C. Bond

PERSONAL SURVIVAL

One winter's morning I caught the bus to the swimming baths. Today I was meant to be doing my personal survival. I changed into my swimming costume and walked up the baths, along with the other two girls, carrying my dad's pyjamas. I hope they were not his best ones! We waited nervously for Mrs. Clifford to come. When she arrived she told us that the official person who was meant to be watching us had decided not to come so unwillingly we jumped in with the others and joined one class. Half way through the lesson Mrs. Clifford decided that we could do our personal survival and see if the official man would pass us. We climbed into our pyjamas and I made sure I did the trousers up tight because in practise they kept falling down.

We jumped in and started to swim which was not all that easy in pyjamas. I eventually did my amount of swimming in pyjamas so I started " treading water " and after a time I was told to take my pyjamas off. Taking the trousers off was difficult because you have to be careful that you do not drop them so that they sink to the bottom. After swimming the equivalent of a quarter of a mile and doing a surface dive, I heaved myself out of the baths and laid on my side. I was absolutely worn out and stumbled off to get changed and I was hoping I would not have to do it all again but no, the official accepted it. It proved that I had survived!

Jennifer Allcorn, 5z

TABLE TENNIS

Many people don't realise that there is a school table tennis club, with a two-star coach, called Mr. Woollven.

It is held on Thursdays, from four until six o'clock.

We have about twelve people, from third to sixth year, coming and more are always welcome. There are four tables and we hope to have a fifth one soon.

When we have all arrived we start off with exercises, and then we practice what shots we find hard. Usually we finish with games.

For the enthusiastic, Mr. Woollven organises once a month a table tennis afternoon, at the Youth Centre.

Susan Chalk, 4 alpha

KENT NETBALL TOURNAMENT, 1974-5

The Kent Netball Tournament is an event which is held annually, in which any teams that are affiliated to the All-England Netball Association may play.

The Tournament is arranged for teams in three sections —Under 18, Under 16, Under 14—and the Preliminary rounds are held as area tournaments. This year only four schools from the Maidstone area entered the U.16 section and so we played in the Tunbridge Wells area, with the following results:—

v. Wrotham	Won 5 : 2
v. Homewood	Won 5 : 0
v. St. Hillary's	Won 11 : 2
v. Sacred Heart	Won 6 : 2

We met Tonbridge Grammar in the final and won 11:6. As a result the team played in the final round of the Kent Netball Tournament, which was held in December at Maidstone Grammar School. Here we met schools from all over Kent.

v. Wombwell Hall	Won 13 : 6
v. Folkestone Grammar	Won 10 : 4
v. Blackheath	Won 9 - 4

Two years ago as the U.14 team we reached the final of the Kent Tournament and drawn in the final against Blackheath. After extra time of one minute each way we had lost, but this year we defeated Blackheath quite easily.

We played in the semi-final v. Sturry and won convincingly by 16:3, and therefore met Ravensbourne in the final. This was a very hard game and we eventually lost by 3:5, and so became the Kent U.16 runners-up.

However, the winners and runners-up from Kent are asked to play in the South East Region Tournament, and so in January we went to play against the winners and runners-up from Surrey and Sussex. We were very doubtful of our chances as our routine of practices had been interrupted by mock "O" levels.

Under very grey skies we travelled to Longfield School, and of course soon after we began to play the weather deteriorated and heavy rain was driven across the courts by strong winds, which at times blew the goal posts over. As a result play was difficult, with the ball being carried by the wind, but everyone played extremely well, and after winning 4 games, losing 1 and drawing 2, we discovered that on points total we were again runners-up, the winners of the region being Croydon High School, who were the only team to defeat us.

v. Northolt	Won 9 : 4
v. Ravensbourne	Won 9 : 3
v. Brighton and Hove	Drew 3 : 3
v. Ricards Lodge	Won 7 : 4
v. Croydon	Lost 3 : 6
v. Hazlewick	Won 7 : 6
v. St. Mary's	Drew 4 : 4

It is interesting to note that this time when we played

Ravensbourne we easily defeated them by 9 : 3, even though they had beaten us in the Kent final.

As runners-up of the South East Region Tournament we were eligible for the final round of the National Schools' Netball Tournament and on March 21st, 1975, travelled in the mini-bus to Nottingham.

After spending Friday night in Nottingham and going to bed early—mind you, no one really slept very well—we arrived at Padstow Bilateral School in plenty of time for a good warm up. The school was enormous, and perched on the top of a hill, so that the wind blew straight across the twelve courts; fortunately the weather was fine but extremely cold, so everyone was thankful for their track-suits. As the time drew on towards 10 o'clock the tension built up, and the scene was one of organised chaos as fifty-four netball teams from as far away as Plymouth and Newcastle prepared themselves for their first games.

Our first match was against Plymouth High School, the winners of the West region, and although nervous our team began very well and soon had a 5 : 0 lead. However, Plymouth started to play a more accurate game, using their very tall players to the best advantage, with the result that we finally lost by 9 : 11.

Quarter of an hour later we were on court again, this time our opponents were Cardinal Newman School, the winners of the East. In this game everyone played well and we won by 7 : 2.

Our next game was against the runners-up from the Southern region—St. Annes School—and our team continued to play well, using the whole court, and tactics that we had practised. The final score was 7 : 3 in our favour.

Our fourth match of the morning was against a team from John Wilmott School, who were the West Midlands winners. We had seen this team playing earlier in the morning and knew that the game would be a hard one. As we expected the standard of play was high, and as a result of particularly difficult blocking, our shooters were unable to get close to the post. The final score was 5 : 9 in the favour of John Wilmott.

The last game of the morning was against Notre Dame School, who were the winners of the Yorkshire and Humberside region. Everyone was determined to improve their play, to make up for having lost the previous game, Carolyn Hewson played goal attack and the game went extremely well, with the result that we won by 9 : 4.

After lunch we played and defeated the St. Helena team, runners-up from the East Midlands, playing equally as well as we had before lunch; the score was 9 : 1.

Burnside were our next opponents, the winners of the North East area, and again we knew that it would be a very hard game. The umpires were very strict and the game never flowed. Kim and Theresa—our shooters—were blocked in the circle throughout the whole game, however the whole team tried extremely hard, and the final score was 5 : 8 to Burnside.

Our last game of the tournament was at 3.15 p.m.,

and by this time everyone was feeling tired. Our opponents were Noctorom School, who were the runners-up from the North-West region. We should have won this game, but due to fatigue and silly mistakes the general standard of play dropped and we eventually lost by 3:5, a disappointing result.

At the end of the Tournament our overall position was fourth in our section, after having won 4 and lost 4 games. One consolation was that two of the teams that had defeated us—John Wilmott and Burnside—were the eventual U.16 finalists, Burnside being the final winners, and they had only defeated us by 3 goals.

The whole trip to Nottingham and the Tournament itself was considered by everyone to have been a great success and very enjoyable. We had all gained from the weekend in many ways, not least in having played against teams from all over the country, and learning from watching others play.

The team:—

Goal Keeper	Josephine Rocke
Goal Defence	Karena Gibbs
Wing Defence	Penny Sharratt
Centre	Susan Luck
Wing Attack	Rita Mcguire
Goal Attack	Theresa Woolven
Goal Shooter	Kim Holness
Reserves	Fiona Pendry
	Penny Mason
	Hazel Trowell
	Carolyn Hewson

J. Smiley

JUDO REPORT, 1974-75

Hazel was picked up sub-conscious from the mat.

And I can assure you that is just how Hazel felt after being thrown six times with various throws, and laid upon six times due to various holds, all learnt by Penny Sharratt, 5z. You see, Penny is by no means small, and Hazel is by no means big!

But laying aside the fact that Hazel is still suffering from the bruises and will probably never be *quite* the same again, we must congratulate Penny on receiving her junior black belt in Judo after practising this sport for one and a half years.

For this she had to know a good 15 throws and holds, including arm-locks and strangles. She also had to know three sets of a complex Kata (demonstration of Judo), and perform this in front of a panel of judges and an audience.

Finally, she had a line-up of nine fights, of which she won nine. She had to fight a senior blue belt, with whom she managed to draw.

We now have to congratulate her on getting her own senior blue belt.

I wouldn't like to meet her on a dark night. . . .

Penny Mason, Hazel Furlonger and Claire Masters have all reached junior brown belts this term. Stella Cousins has reached her blue belt with three brown stripes.

All the beginners have gained between yellow and orange belts.

Penny Sharratt, 5z
Hazel Furlonger, 4 alpha

GAMES REPORT, APRIL, 1974-5

Athletics

A squad of nine girls entered the County Athletic trials at Oakwood Park, Maidstone. In windy conditions all the competitors performed well and at the end of the day five of the girls had been selected to represent Maidstone in the County Championship. Penny Sharratt in the Intermediate Shot Putt, Rachel Waller Intermediate Hurdles, Susan Luck Intermediate 200m, Pat Roberts Senior 800m, Janice Burton Junior 200m.

In the Maidstone Area Schools' Competition all our competitors qualified in the preliminaries. Our thanks go to Fran Steinbook who very competently took over as team manager and helped make the day both successful and enjoyable with many first-class performances.

Sally Bowen and Rachel Waller won their 100m and both equalled the record at 13·1 seconds, although they had both run faster times in the semi-final. Caron Dutton won the Intermediate Long Jump with a personal best jump of 4·59m. Susan Luck took first place in the Intermediate 200m in 26·9 seconds with Janice Burton in second place. Rachel Waller won the hurdles in 12·1 seconds, again equalling her own record. Penny Sharratt won the Intermediate Shot with a Putt of 9·93m. Fions Lowe won the Intermediate High Jump, creating a new record at 1·39m, just over 4ft. 6½ins. Rita McGuire easily won the Intermediate 800m in 2mins. 41·9secs., knocking 4 seconds off the old record and running 5·6 seconds faster than she did in the preliminaries.

The third and fourth year Relay Teams both won, the third years narrowly missing a record break by 1 second.

At the end of the competition the third and fourth years had a total score of 98 points, winning us the Shield. Vinters Girls came second with 33 points.

Nine fifth and sixth form girls made up the Senior Team and deserve our congratulations for winning the Stewart Cup despite being in third place half-way through the competition.

Kim Coupland set a new Senior Javeline record at 25·90m. Susan Hull and Clare Hastings were the only competitors in the Hurdles, Susan won in 14·1 seconds with Clare just 0·1 of a second behind. Pat Roberts won the Shot and set a new record of 10·95m. She also won the 800m in a record time of 2mins. 40·7secs. We were very pleased to have Brenda Batt, 6_2, back in the team again after a break of two years and doubly pleased when she won the 100m, breaking the record with a time of 13·3 seconds. Clare, Susan, Brenda and Pat formed themselves into the senior relay team and again broke the old record with a run of 56·0secs.

The final score was 58 points to us with Wrotham School close behind with 42 points.

Rounders

Only one match was played in which the third years challenged Aylesford School. After two innings we won by 16 to 4½ rounders.

A team was entered in the Senior Rounders Tournament playing a total of four games which were won, therefore gaining us a place in the final where we met the Girls' Grammar School. After a very close game we won by 3½ to ½ rounders.

For the first time an inter-form Rounders' Tournament was held and it was nice to see a number of girls who don't usually appear at games practices. The winners were 3y, 4y and 5y. Under the captaincy of Penny Sharratt one girl from each form combined as a team to challenge the Staff. The game was fast but the teams fairly evenly matched in the first innings. However, Mr. Batten, the demon left-hander, soon got his eye in creating havoc amongst the school fielders. The staff finally lost, owing to sheer exhaustion, by 5½ to 2½ rounders.

Netball

We have had an exceptionally good season culminating with our win in the South Eastern Tournament, taking us to the Nationals at Nottingham. Leaving that aside, we have played a total of 23 games, of which 17 were won and 6 were lost. The shooters, supported by a high standard of team work, scored 380 goals, while 231 were scored against us. For the first time the School has achieved the Maidstone hat-trick winning the area tournament in each age-group. We were again invited to play in the Tunbridge Wells' and District Tournament. Our fifth year team played in the Under 18 section. Competition was strong and together with very tall opponents found the odds against them. The fourth years with Carolyn Hewson, 3, stepping in to the Goal Attack position at the last moment, won all their matches. In the semi-final they had a tough game against Bennett Memorial School, finally winning by 6 to 2 goals. The Inter-Form Tournaments were won by 3 and 4.

Hockey

Our hockey team has at long last materialised and, despite only playing four matches, have been extremely keen and by hard and frequent practice have achieved a good standard of play. Our first game was against Holmesdale School and both teams were very evenly matched, resulting in a 0 - 0 draw. The Senacre 4th year team proved much tougher opposition and after a struggle we lost by 2 goals to 1. In February playing to the new rules we met Vinters Girls in our first ever "home" match. Lack of team work in the defence made the final score 2 - 1 in

Vinters' favour. The season could not end on this sad note and a few days later we again played Holmesdale School. The whole team played exceptionally well and were more accurate in their passing with the result that we won by 2 goals to 0.

Badminton

The Badminton Club which meets every Tuesday and is coached by Mrs. Prentice is thriving. Although most of its members were beginners in September with extra practice they are beginning to achieve a fairly high standard of play. In December they played their one and only match at Wrotham School. Out of the nine games we won only two, however, those we lost were by no means a walk-over. It is hoped to arrange further matches in the Summer. A number of girls entered the Maidstone Tournament. Margaret Knight and Deborah Walker reached the semi-final of the Under 15 section and Penny Sharratt was third in the Under 18 ladies' and mixed doubles. Well done.

Mrs. Smiley and Mrs. Worsfold would like to thank all those girls who have given up their free time to come to practices and to represent the school.

N. Worsfold

ART REPORT

This past year has been both exciting and rewarding. In the summer term, 1974, Gillian Field and Katherine Pritchard both entered pieces of work for the James Petrie Memorial Trust Awards. Normally only one prize is presented, but Gillian was awarded a second prize for her painting and Katherine highly commended for her contribution. This is a clear example of how good work can create its own rewards. Katherine was sufficiently encouraged by this success to enter for the annual art competition organised by the Association of Men of Kent and Kentish Men. Her hard work gained her the second prize thus upholding the tradition which Susan Gilham began by winning the first prize in the 1973 competition.

The work of thirty girls was entered for the 1974 National Polyfilla Competition and five of these pieces were selected for the final judging. No other school in the competition had so many accepted. The finalists were Ann Frith, Karen Bennett, Nicola Buss, Fiona Lowe and Julie Mellor. Much to our delight and surprise Karen's work, "Decaying Skull", was awarded the overall prize, thus winning £50 and a small silver dish for herself and £250 for art education in school and the right to have the Polyfilla Trophy, a handsome silver dish, for the year. Being fortunate enough to win this sum means that we will be able to introduce the beautiful craft of making glass mosaics. The prize-giving was held at Reed House, Piccadilly, on December 4th, with Ed Stewart (Stewpot) presenting the prizes. The Polyfilla Exhibition is coming to Springfield during May and June.

I would also like to mention the following girls whose work in the Art Department is well worthy of mention.

Beverley Clark and Denise Hennessey both gained grade A results in their A level G.C.E. Art examination last summer. Beverley also designed the 1973 School Christmas card and the frontispiece for Image 1974. Her painting of The Bathers, which she submitted for her examination, was selected by London University for their autumn exhibition. Emma Elkerton's work for the 1974 and 1975 school plays was excellent and in this connection mention must also be made of the work of Jacqueline Clark, Susan Rogers, Sandra Prentice, Colette Rogers, Lynda Prickett, Deborah Ford and Katherine Pritchard for designing and making costumes, also Lynn Pearson, Karen Bennett, Jayne Saul, Sharon Bury, Julie Mellor, Sheila Tyson, Sarah Humphrey and Stephanie Bindaman for designing and making head-dresses. I would also like to take this opportunity of thanking Yvonne Beadle, Donella Plumridge, Fiona Lowe and all the numerous girls who in any way assisted with the enormous task of making costumes for Dr. Faustus and all the girls who helped to make and paint the scenery.

Work is now in progress for both O and A level examinations in Art, the James Petrie Memorial Trust Awards and the competition organised by the Kent Rural Music School for their own Christmas card. Jacqueline Clark has completed an entry for this and is following in her sister's footsteps for she designed the 1974 School Christmas card, which sold out, and the frontispiece for Image 1975.

We are now looking forward to another exciting year.

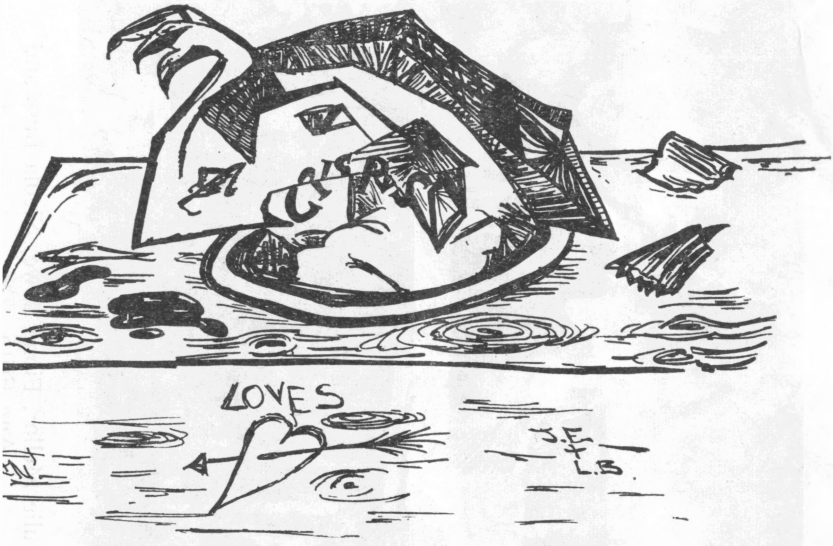
S. Douglas

Karen Bennett, Julie Mellor, Fiona Lowe, Nicola Buss and Ann Frith

"THE INKWELL"

Just a hole in the desk
No use at all
It's just there
For tradition's sake
Or for somewhere to place
Your pencil sharpening
Or more often an empty crispbag
It stays there,
All day and everyday
What a boring life!
An everlasting life
In an old barren desk.

Fiona Roberts, 4a



"The Inkwell"

Elizabeth Driscoll, 5a

FAREWELL TO PARK

Farewell to the old school uniform,
To tunics short and small.
Farewell to compulsory subjects,
Farewell to it all.

Farewell to the new school building,
Park we say "Good-bye",
To all your rights and wrongs,
As sixth form time draws nigh.

Hello to the old school building,
To yellow plastered bricks
Hello to a completely different life—
Education in the sixth.

Suzanne Dingley, 5z

Thanet Printing Works, Church Hill, Ramsgate. Telephone 52323 (STD 0843).